アルティメット・アンチヒーロー

常勝無双の反逆者

海空りく
Illustration Nardack

講談社ラノベ文庫

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-- Hoshikawa Sumika stopped the shower that washed her body, she opened her eyelids slowly and returned from her deep reminiscence.
[...Even now the memory of that day is still really clear.]
It was burned at the back of her eyelids. After that, the boy --Kamishiro Homura realized exactly the words that he had left behind to Sumika. He showed how he protected the world, just by himself.

[Ruin madly, -- <God of Angered Storm> Ithaqua!!!!!]
Announcing the true name of evil god hidden in the abyss of space, the trigger of the magic bullet was pulled.
The firing hammer struck the detonator, what burst out from the gun muzzle was a freezing storm.
Mowing down house, blowing away forest, even the topography could be changed, the power of the storm god.

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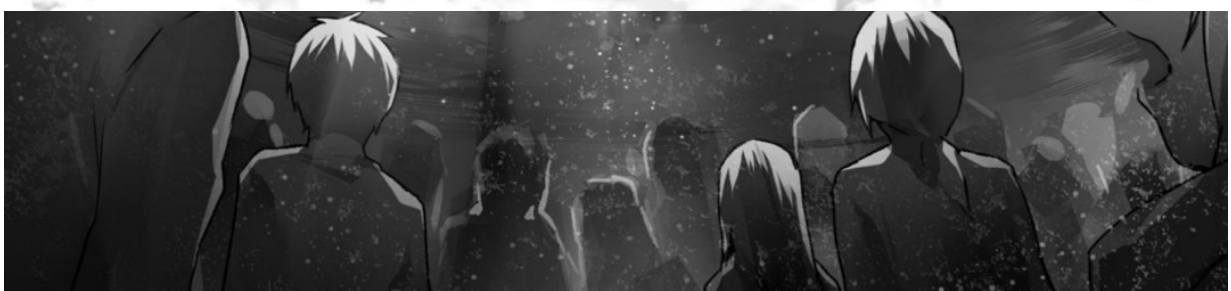

ありがとうございました！
Vardack
2014

Prologue

“The [Traitor] Kamishiro Homura must be killed.”
The nucleus of <United World Government> that was located in the Detroit life sphere, Orion Tower.
In the conference room that existed on the highest floor of that white spire that pierced the sky, one of the five people that surrounded the round table there said that. The Soviet’s grand supreme ruler Gregorio Rasputin declared as such.
“The power that man possesses, it’s not an exaggeration to say that it transcends far above the standard of power that an individual can have. It’s really dangerous for us, the new rulers of the world to leave this situation as it is.”
The company those words were directed at were the people that sat at the same table.
America’s president, Joseph Franklin.
Britain’s prime minister, Leti Cline.
China Republic Union’s secretary general, Wang Tailong. [1]
The Holy Path Church’s highest leader, Pope Innocentius XVII. —The four above.
They were the chief members of the <United World Government> that was started five years ago and were called <the Five Great Leaders>.
“We of the USA also agree with the Soviet’s opinion. This time the [Traitor] … no, that abominable <Evil God User>, for some reason he suddenly started moving from the London life sphere heading towards the Tokyo life sphere, but because of that, since last night we have fallen into chaos. Even with the <Great SealAureole> applied on him, that boy’s individual battle strength rivals the whole military power of a country. For that boy to make a move, it’s the same as a whole army of a country to begin a military march. Each time that boy takes a step, we have to rewrite defense treaties and re-position the army, honestly it’s really troublesome.”
“He’s really like a walking nuclear bomb huh. But even so, the MI6(Britain Information Bureau) is really pathetic. Even though these past three months the <Evil God User> ate, slept, and played right under your noses, you couldn’t even manage to cut his head off a single time while he slept.”
“Just when I thought what you are talking about**(!)**. We the Britons are living and using our heads properly. Just so you know, we are different from China-san who was impatient to attack and rushed ahead without even

consulting the opinion of the other <Five Great Leaders> and in the end you had two thirds of your army annihilated by the <Evil God User>.”
“What did you say-“
“Please calm down, both of you. For fellow <Five Great Leader> to quarrel with each other…-“
“Don’t act like an adult you yankee. If we are talking about the cause of all this, then it was when one year ago Kamishiro Homura was staying in Washington life sphere, if only you dealt with him properly then, my army wouldn’t have met with things like—!”
“Enough already.”
“ ” ”……!” ” ”
It was a voice that was calm, yet possessed a heavy and profound presence that couldn’t be denied.
With Innocentius’s single voice, the three sovereigns that were hurling abuse at each other swallowed their words.
“Your grace…”
“It’s just like what Franklin said. For fellow <Five Great Leaders> to quarrel against each other, it only produces a hundred harms and not a single gain. All of us are not foreigners of opposing countries anymore. Five years ago, when the first recorded <Demon King class> demon in history, Typhon, appeared almost all the countries that existed above the earth were burned to ashes. And then the current <United World Government> was established by the concentration of the remaining ten countries. They all cooperated with each other for the sake of opposing the demons that were invading from across dimensions in the demon world.
"…The framework called country is a bygone relic. We are not an alliance. We are the world itself. Something like a lone brat moving from London to Tokyo is not something worth fretting about.”
“Your Grace, it’s exactly as you say.”
“…Hmph, I’m not fretting at all here.”
Joseph lowered his head reverently hearing the words of Innocentius, while Tairon too put his raised body back on the chair with a vexed expression still on his face.
Judging that the place had calmed down, Innocentius opened his mouth once more.
“Even without panicking, that man cannot possibly do something like replace us. The heart of the populace has been firmly grasped by us, the <Holy Path Church>. Besides, in the first place haven’t we already succeeded in sealing the power of that man? As long as the <Aureole> is still in place, even that man cannot completely use the power of the <Evil God> as skillfully as he did five years ago. There is a collar fixed on him. At most he has only become a watchdog that we make use of.”
“E, exactly right.”
“Prime minister Cline. Can the MI6 properly continue with their surveillance?”

Suddenly, the Soviet's grand supreme ruler Gregorio that started the topic, yet was only carefully supervising the room, asked Leti, the only female in this place. Leti nodded in a big way.
"Of course. Right now the <Evil God User> is riding the regular service between London and Japan. From the plane's pilot to its CA, and even the passengers, all of them are MI6's personnel. There is not even the slightest chance that we will lose sight—"
In a moment, as if to blow away Leti's words, the door of the conference room opened raising a loud sound.
The one that jumped into the room with a changed expression, was Britain's high official for the <United World Government>.
"Be, beg your pardon–! Prime minister Cline! An urgent contact came from the MI6 that are in the middle of observing the <Evil God User>! After the <Evil God User> received a call from someone, from the airplane that was in the middle of flight it seemed that he suddenly, ju, ju, jumped out-!"
"Wh, WHAT DID YOU SAYYY!!!!"
"HE JUMPED OUT FROM THE PLANE-!"
Hearing that report, all the members of the round table had their expressions turned blue and made clamors.
"And then, don't tell me they lost him-!?"
"Un, unfortunately. For him to jump out from a height of ten thousand meters in a flesh body without even putting on <Soaring WingAir Raid>, it's just too unexpected so…!"
They lost him.
Hearing that fact, the blood drained from the faces of all the people in the room.
And then, in the next moment, angry roars that even resembled screams flew about.
"What the hell are you doing you damn idiot-! Make them chase him right now!"
"Impossible! It's suicidal to jump down from an airplane that is flying at high speed, even for magicians that have equipped <Air Raid>! They are going to get completely blown away by the atmospheric current!"
"That's right! Please don't say such absurd things! **(!)**"
"For the time being just rearrange the surveillance structure immediately. I'll make urgent contact with the KGB. Mobilize all the military satellites too. I'll also have you make the CIA cooperate."
"O, of course Gregorio! It's inexcusable to lose sight of that boy for even a second!
After all Kamishiro Homura, —he has the power to ruin the world just by his lonesome–!!!!"

Chapter 1

Part 1

<Demon King Typhon>.
Five years ago, it was the name of the demon that crossed over the dimensional boundary and came attacking the earth.
The length of its body was five kilometers. It was a giant multi-headed dragon with a size that rivaled a small island.
During the time since humans began fighting demons approximately a century ago, this first observed <Demon King class> demon had burned the earth's surface to ash from one end to the other in only ten days.
This event was the calamity that was called <Walpurgis Night>.
That calamity reduced the human population of the the world till only 10 percent remained. The countries too were destroyed until there were only ten countries remaining.
But even while that much damage was inflicted, the human race wasn't ruined.
The surviving people joined together and formed the <United World Government>.
<United World Government> took the lead and concentrated on reviving urban areas all over the world and maintained the [life sphere]. By restoring the infrastructures, the human race had recovered civilization that wasn't different from before albeit the scale had become smaller. This was accomplished only five years after the <Walpurgis Night>.
The [Tokyo life sphere] that was formerly Tokyo city was also one of those.
Right now in this place, around 70 million humans from a great variety of races, gathered from all over the world to live their life close to each other.
However, that restoration was something that stood on thin ice.
After the extermination of <Demon King Typhon>, the number of demons that came invading from the demon world didn't decrease.

No, rather, the passing of demons possessing vast power like Typhon caused the dimensional wall boundary to crumble. It can be said that the number of demons that came invading from the demon world to the human world increased.
The interior of the [life sphere] was protected by a barrier so the demons couldn’t directly come in; however, it was not strange for demons that appeared outside the [life sphere] to sometimes approach for an invasion.
This was the current world’s situation.
Today just like other days, invaders passing through the dimension wall are instantly coming into this world.
But there exist a fighting strength that didn’t hesitate in taking on those demons, possessing terrifying power, as opponents.
Equipping the magic wand <Sorcery ArmamentArms> and magic shield <Magic CostumeMagi’s Jacket> that were created from the combination of science and sorcery, they were the human magicians that could manipulate sorcery similar to the demons.

Part 2

“Stop making useless resistance. If you do that then I will kill you painlessly.”
The Tokyo life sphere’s bay coast area, the abandoned harbor warehouse.
At the wharf where no sounds could be heard except the splashing sounds of the waves when it turned into night, there was the commanding voice of a girl ringing out.
The owner of the voice stood on the wharf, a student magician in the <Gunner> style whose body was wrapped in a Magi’s jacket based on a cowgirl’s outfit.
While her blond hair that released faint light like gold dust was fluttering from the sea breeze, the girl was taking a stance with her <Gunner> style’s <Arms> that was a silver revolver.
The <commanding officerleader> of New Tokyo Sorcery Academy’s 101st trainee platoon, Hoshikawa Sumika.
The girl right now was facing a single grotesque thing.
That grotesque thing was something that was around three times bigger than Sumika, a giant with a human body that had a head of a pig.
<Soldier class> demon, orc.
This orc was the vanguard of the invaders from another dimension that the human race had continued to fight from one hundred years ago.
As a demon it was not categorized as strong.
It couldn’t even use any particular sorcery, what it could do only amounted to swinging around the giant club that it held in its right hand.
—At best, its threat level was something like [an African elephant that held ill will towards humans].
Even for someone who was still a student, for a magician that had piled up training to defeat demons, this orc was an opponent that could be dealt with easily. That was exactly why, the girl—Sumika didn’t fear that monster for even a bit.
“I’ll say it one more time. Stop making useless resistance.” [2]
She announced her last warning.
She put strength on the finger that was holding the trigger of the revolver-style <Arms> that had its aim directed on the forehead of the orc.

If the girl put just a little more strength into her finger, a fake silvermythril bullet coated in magic power would pierce the demon's forehead from the gun muzzle.
If it was only something like a <Soldier class> than just a single attack would certainly result in death.
Furthermore, using necromancy, a magician could bind a contract with the soul of a hero and through that they borrowed the hero's power.
Sumika's contracted hero was the <Gun Saint> Billy the Kid.
The bullet of <Gun Saint> couldn't miss. It would end if she shot. The orc would be killed if she pulled the trigger. But—
{Gufufufu-…! Bluff, useless. You, can't shoot.}
The orc laughed with an unpleasant voice that was similar with the sound of burbling mud.
"-…!"
Sumika's expression distorted from those words. After all, what the orc said was right on the mark.
Sumika couldn't shoot. The reason was located in the orc's left hand.
There was a girl with a mini-ponytail clutched in the orc's left arm with her face turning pale.
The girl was the same with Sumika, the 101st's <close range combatantStriker>. Her name was Ichinotani Chikori.
That's right, in other words, this was a hostage situation.
As a demon, the orcs were a weak race, but in place of that it was using its intelligence.
In reality, the one that was cornered was Sumika.
{Weapon, throw away. If not, this girl, crushed.}
Pressed with choices, Sumika gritted her teeth.
(Just against an orc, to be treated as it pleased like this…!)
For Sumika, this situation was a humiliation.
If asked why, it was because while Sumika was still a student, she was a genius magician that obtained the title of S-rank magician where there were only ten people in this world. Originally, just an orc or even ten orcs, she was an existence that could easily defeat them. —The fact was, a few minutes before, this Sumika had instantly killed two orcs that were invading into the life sphere from a different place.
But, a trouble appeared when the third orc came invading.
The predicted place where the third orc would appear was in the side of the residential area, so beforehand Sumika made two of the 101st platoon members that were her subordinates to standby there, but—of all the things to happen, the moment the orc appeared one of the members got terrified of real battle and deserted the battle before the enemy's presence. No, if it was only that then it was still fine, but—
{If it's just around three minutes before leader comes, then even I alone can hold back this enemy!}

Like that, Chikori who couldn't be expected as a battle strength just by her lonesome didn't even hear her command to stop and rushed to the enemy by her own judgment.
And the result,
{Leader. Chikori-san was captured by the orc.}
Only three seconds after that, that kind of transmission came from the <Battle ControllerOperator> that was in charge of battle situation and <Sorcery TransmissionIdea Link> from the place slightly separated from the actual scene.
(She cannot do it at all aren't she—!)
As expected, she wanted to cry.
And then, right now, under that situation she got cornered and that was why it was unbearable.
{Quick, weapon! Throw away!!}
"Leader! Don't mind me! I'm wrong for ignoring the order-!"
She wanted to shout angrily that it's exactly your fault, but right now it was no use even if she blamed the girl.
As a leader, as a magician, to do something like abandoning a human who was going to be killed by a demon right now was not something Sumika could do.
Right now she needed to continue this deadlocked situation for even a little longer, buy time, and wait until reinforcements arrived.
—But, that sneaky consideration was read by the orc.
{Do it quick!}
In order to hurry Sumika who was trying to buy time, the vein of the orc's arm protruded out and its herculean strength constricted Chikori's thin body like a vise.
"UAAAAA…-!"
"St, stop it-!"
Sumika reflexively raised her voice hearing the creaking sound that was like the crack of a decayed tree.
Chikori who was grasped in the orc's left hand turned limp and became unmoving.
It would be really bad if more than that happened. She couldn't buy time unskillfully. There was nothing that she could do except obeying obediently.
"Understood. I surrender…"
Sumika threw away the revolver in her hand and also one more revolver that was holstered on her hips,
"-————!"
That instant, a shock ran through Sumika's brain that informed her of danger to herself.
That was the intuition that came from the girl's contracted heroic spirit, <Gun Saint> Billy the Kid's Hero Skill.
What is called Hero Skill was the obtained special move or something like enchantment that came from being possessed by the soul of a hero.

From this, a magician became able to wield power that was equal with heroes of previous life.
And then the danger signal that ran through Sumika's brain at this time was <Gun Saint>'s Hero Skill <Instinct EvasionBack Sniper>.
With this Hero Skill that was associated with Billy the Kid's legend that said that he shot to death enemies behind him without even turning back, its effect was [perfect invalidation of blind spot]. The contractor of <Gun Saint> became able to detect all dangers of attack that came from blind spots with 100% accuracy using instinct. And then, this instinct was by no means inaccurate—
"Barrier ExpandProtection!"
Sumika immediately expanded a no element first grade magic barrier using sorcery.
Thereupon in a flash that barrier was hit by the orc's club.
That one hit possessed the brute strength of several tons' weight, but the expanded magic barrier that was for use pertaining to physical impact didn't even twitch.
It was exactly like her instinct told her.
Sumika safely evaded the surprise attack completely.
For her it was something really easy. But—
{Don't defend! Next, if defend, this girl, crush!}
"Kuh-"
When there was a hostage even that couldn't be kept up.
{You, kill comrade! Not forgive. Pulverize. Pulverize until became mince meat!}
The orc once again swung its club.
If she evaded this next attack the orc would unhesitatingly crush Chikori.
She couldn't evade.
If it became like this then she could only become a sandbag while reducing the damage as much as she could using magic power.
For Sumika that was a bitter choice.
(Even though I cannot die in this kind of place…!)
Sumika had a dream. An important, strong wish that could even be called a craving.
Five years ago, the giant seven headed dragon that burned to ash everything in the world. <Demon King Typhon>.
That day, where everyone could do nothing except looking up to the closed sky, sinking into despair in front of the overwhelming power.
—There was someone, who killed that dragon.
That Typhon, who bore not even a single injury even with all the militaries of all the world's countries challenging that monster …there was a magician who killed that monster just by his lonesome.
That day, Sumika watched up from the burning ground the full story of what happened.
And then, she thought. That she wanted to become like that.

Like that, she wanted to become an existence that could save people from no matter what kind of despair.
—That dream, was still not fulfilled.
She was still half-way.
(That's why, even though I cannot die in this kind of place, why does this kind of thing happen!)
While gritting her teeth in frustration, Sumika wrapped her body in magic power.
For the sake of softening the blow for even a little.
She was waiting for reinforcements while receiving the orc's blow.
Having no option other than that, she could only brace herself by all possible means.
The club that was swung down cutting wind.
Against the approaching strong blow, Sumika resolved herself and closed her eyelids.

"Sheesh. Can the apprentices these days not deal with just a single orc."

She heard that voice.
"Eh…"
Instantly, a blast resounded in the wharf.
It was the sound of a severe shockwave hitting and breaking the concrete surface.
But that was not the sound of destruction of a blow that was produced by a club.
The one who broke apart the concrete was, a lone young man.
Jumping down from a passenger plane that was flying in the far above sky at the height of ten thousand meters, the young man that split apart into two the orc's body from its head until its crotch using an obsidian sword, was the one making the sound of the broken concrete and landing.
The orc's body was torn vertically, split into left and right.
Of course, it died instantly.
The hostage spilled out from the arm, that orc's body changed into shining ashes in a rustle and scattered apart from the sea breeze.
Inside that prism, the young man said.
"But, I'll give you a passing mark for not abandoning the hostage."
A loose and disheveled, uncontrollable black hair.
The end of a long stole flapped like a wing, the young man looked down on Sumika with a listless eye. A look that didn't seem far from Sumika in age.
Looking at that face, Sumika gulped her breath.

“Yo, you, are……!”

It was only natural. For magicians that lived in this age, there was no human that didn’t know that young man’s face.
The grand magician that mastered all the sorcery that existed in this world, the human that employed the existences that were far more powerful and even far more evil than even the [Demon King], the <Evil God> like one would use a familiar, the <Evil God User>.
And then, on the <Walpurgis Night> five years ago, possessing the overwhelming power that subdued even god, the hero of salvation that just alone subjugated <Demon King Typhon> who burned 90% of the earth surface—

“Kamishiro, Homura……!”

“Yeah, that Homura-san. As for today I got assigned to 101st platoon. Well, take care of me okay.”
Why did the hero that saved the world get assigned to a mere trainee student platoon—
Even such an obvious question didn’t cross the head of the current Sumika.
Homura who stood still inside the shining wind with his long stole flapping.
That standing figure was powerful, beautiful, in that one moment Sumika even forgot all words and became entranced.
It was as if time itself had come to a complete stop.
And then, during the instant where everything stood still, Sumika obtained a single conviction somewhere inside her heart.
This time, this moment, —a tale was beginning, that was what she believed.

Part 3

Let’s rewind time back a little.
The <Evil God User> Kamishiro Homura was living in the slums of London life sphere until yesterday.
A shabby, run-down apartment that had wind blowing in from the gaps.
The place was really wretched for the residence of a hero savior.
But, there was a reason for that.
He, who alone exterminated <Demon King Typhon> that even the gathering of the battle strength throughout the world couldn’t even scratch, was ostracized by the <United World Government> due to that too extreme strength.
Well, that could also be said as natural.
Establishing vested interests for themselves using all kinds of methods.
A ruling structure for the sake of exploiting the people.
If there was a human that existed that could possibly blow away all that they built right from its root, there was no way it would be something pleasant for them.
It felt like a swelling above your eye.
That was why the <United World Government> made use of all kinds of methods and tailored the <hero> into the <traitor>.
—Homura could become that strong because he sold his soul to demons.
—Sooner or later, Homura would become the demons’ pawn and bare his fangs at the human race.
Such things were whispered to the people as if they were true.
And then there was also the cooperation of the <Holy Path Church> that was ruling over the populace the most right now, making the propaganda a great success. The human race that survived the <Walpurgis Night> feared the hero that saved them as a [traitor], the messenger of demons, they rejected him from human society. —His nationality was taken away from him, his power was taken away by <Great SealAureole> that was performed on him, all his rights as a human were stripped off.
There was no way such a Homura could live in a proper place.
But, Homura didn’t dislike that life as much as one would believe.
In the first place he didn’t have any interest in social status, for his lifestyle of [killing as many demons as possible] too, a position where he wasn’t tied by the stupid rules of human society or country borders was convenient.

Everyday he passed his time however he pleased without worrying about anyone’s eyes. Occasionally, he hunted demons that threatened the life sphere and received bounty from the world government as his daily earnings.
Due to <Aureole> that sealed his power, the <United World Government> publicized to the domestic and foreign that the [traitor] had been tamed as their [watch dog]. Homura himself was understanding of the existence of such a system, but for Homura it was only something trivial that only provoked a little sympathy from him thinking [Keeping up honor is also pretty troublesome huh—].
He freely killed demons as he pleased, and protected what he wanted to protect.
He was not adhering to anything, it was a pleasant life that was quietly and comfortably free from worldly cares.
But, on a certain day where he was spending such easygoing days.
The currently nonexistent <Knight Order Without Borders> that Homura was once a member of, it was a group that didn’t question one’s country, country border, or faith, a mercenary organization with mission to protect the people of all countries from the threat of sorcery and demons, the ex-leader of such an organization contacted Homura.
The contents of the contact was extremely strange.
[I registered your name into the 101st trainee platoon of the New Tokyo Sorcery Academy. Come to Tokyo life sphere right now.]
That was what he said.
He wondered whether he should just slam the phone off. He would be troubled if he was just called carefreely from the other side of the earth only to ask him to go drink.
—But, what was truly annoying, that former superior of his that was right now the board chairman of New Tokyo Sorcery Academy, Onjouji Kai was not someone that would contact Homura without any reason.
Generally there were two patterns of situations when this man contacted Homura.
There was a human that was about to die, or the world that was about to die.
That kind of evil omen really resembled the trumpet of the Apocalypse.
And then there he would without doubt get entangled with the existence of a powerful demon.
The demons, were enemies that he had to kill.
That was why Homura decided to go to Japan even reluctantly.
In a certain meaning, that was also Homura trusting this man Onjouji, perhaps.

And then, the time returned to now.
Homura who dynamically entered the New Tokyo life sphere illegally from the height of 10000 meters, was now sitting on the sofa in the New Tokyo

Sorcery Academy’s board chairman’s room with his legs outstretched while waiting for the arrival of his ex-superior that called himself here.
Before long, the double doors of the room were pushed open and a tall and lean statured gloomy man entered the room.
“It has been five years, my friend.”
The heavy and gloomy tone really suited the external appearance of the man—Onjouji Kai.
But, there was an intimacy in that voice.
“How was it? Was the air travel enjoyable?”
“Just whose mouth is saying that kind of thing.”
“You didn’t like it? Even though I have prepared the first class for you expressly.”
“Certainly the food was delicious. The seat was also so comfortable it couldn’t compare with the bed of my ragged apartment. But you know, do you think suddenly getting a call saying [my student is in danger so help them] and made to jump down from 10000 meters is something fun?”
Homura glared in protest. But Onjouji didn’t seem like he would apologize.
“Fufu. Regarding that you really helped me. That Ichinotani girl was also completely healed by your healing sorcery. Let me say my thanks once more.”
“…Well, it’s fine. After all, thanks to that those gays from London also got shaken off me. Really, when those guys turn up, they are gonna chase my ass even until the inside of the plane. Scary country.”
“Unfortunately they are not shaken off yet. If it’s those MI6 bunch then there are also some in Japan.”
“You serious?”
“Coincidentally CIA and KGB, the Inquisition agents of the <Holy Path Church>, on top of that the military satellites that float in the sky are also observing you. Of course weJapan too.”
“Just how much are you guys engrossed in me.”
“It can’t be helped. After all, you are a human that truly merited all that.”
Homura heaved a deep sigh in resignation.
A human that merited all that.
It was a fact that even Homura himself was self-aware.
“However, …five years already. Thinking back again, since you were gone the time had already passed that long. That child has grown really big now.”
“Not having awareness of time is the proof of old age yeah.”
“Your lack of love is just as usual.”
“I didn’t happen to have any love on hand for a geezer as my company.”
After saying that bluntly, Homura corrected his seating posture a little.
And then he inquired Onjouji with a serious expression.
The question was of course, the reason why he was called here.
“Putting aside the useless talk, let’s move on to the main topic. What in the world is your reason for calling me here?”

“What I want to request from you is just as I said. I want you to enroll into this academy and look after the 101st platoon. The document of the members’ details should have reached your place too—”
“Stop the joke.”
Homura scornfully laughed from Onjouji’s answer.
“Even I know just how risky it is politically to make contact with me. You are also not someone that is going to brave that kind of risk just for something like having me protect some trainee. Entering the 101st is just the front. The real reason is something else. Isn’t that right?”
“Actually that’s a correct assessment.”
“Then talk quickly. What is happening? What kind of trouble are you going to make me shoulder that you called me here?”
But, Onjouji slowly shook his head left and right in rejection towards Homura’s hurrying.
“I can’t say it right now.”
“Why?”
“It’s not my role to talk about this. In the near future the story will come from the person who should actually talk about this.”
“So you are just the go-between, and the one that called me is another person then?”
“It’s like that.”
“Who is the person?”
“I can’t say it right now.”
Onjouji repeated the same sentence once more and lowered his eyes.
Homura who knew him from a long time ago understood.
It was impossible to drag out the circumstance from Onjouji with his attitude like this.
“Chih-. I got it already. I’m not gonna ask. But the talk is really going to happen in the near future right?”
“I’ll promise that.”
“…Then, maybe I should waste my time strolling around for awhile in the hometown that I hadn’t seen for five years.”
“Wait. That’s going to become trouble.”
“Trouble?”
“You laughed at the front that I prepared but, I really wished for you to seriously train the 101st. I want you to do me the favor of looking after those girls for this one year until their graduation.”
But Homura amazedly shook his head hearing those words of Onjouji.
“That’s a joke ain’t it. Just why I gotta look after some trainee this late…”
In a certain meaning it was a natural reaction.
Homura was a magician that possessed power to the degree of saving the world once.
The person who pushed around the <Evil God> and even mastered all the existing thousand sorcery, the <Wisdom of ThousandMaster Therion>.

For that kind of person to mingle with trainee magicians and did [practice make-believe], that was really something ridiculous.
But, Onjouji just threw a single sentence towards that unamused Homura.
“This is something that none other but you yourself said. [Take responsibility] you said.”
Hearing those words, Homura’s eyebrow moved a little.
“You have the duty to take responsibility and watch over the [girl]’s future. Am I wrong?”
“……You still remember an old story like that huh.”
“Even if memories grow dull, but a promise won’t fade. You too should be the same. That’s why even with <The Knight Order Without Borders> dissolved, you still continue to fight alone like this.”
“……”
Homura reclined his body even deeper into the sofa and gave a long sigh.
What a really old story.
It was a happening far older than even Homura being bathed in the world’s attention as the <Evil God User>.
It was a really really old promise, that even the person he made that promise to had gone already, just a single promise…
But, just as Onjouji said, no matter how old it was and even with the person he made that promise to gone already, that promise still existed, inside Homura.
That’s why—
“…I’ve never gone to school or anything before so I don’t know what I gotta do y’know?”
“I don’t plan to tell you to be some kind of teacher. Just become support as one of the platoon members of the 101st, that’s all. The platoon has difficulties communicating with the surroundings and it didn’t produce good results, so it is ridiculed as the [baggage platoon], but the girls of the 101st have a bright future. Someday they will become a support to this world for sure.”
Homura didn’t show any signs of affirmation or denial hearing those words of Onjouji.
But in regards to the responsibility that he shouldered, Homura gave his answer back properly.
“…Got it already. It’s also not bad to just laze around at the place where the light shines after a long time.”
“I owe you.”
At that time, the door of the board chairman’s room opened quietly.
Feeling a nostalgic scent from the slight wind that flowed into the room, Homura directed his gaze towards the entrance.
Over there was a tall girl standing with a stance so beautiful that it made one wonder whether there was a wire going through that straight back.
Captivating black hair that grew out until her hips.
Her face that didn’t hide her intelligence really suited her adult looks.

And then Homura knew the face of that girl.
The last time he saw her face was five years ago, but he didn’t overlook the vestiges of the past in her face now.
“…Yo. You have become an adult, Shiori.”
The girl’s name was Onjouji Shiori.
The <operator> of the 101st platoon.
She was also the daughter of Onjouji Kai, and she also knew of Homura, an old acquaintance of his.

Part 4

After Shiori glanced at Homura, who was talking to her with unconcerned eyes, she returned some words back with a voice that had little intonation similar to her father.
“You flatter me. You too have become a really handsome man haven’t you?”
“Hah-. Stop it with the flattery.”
“Even after five years you are still ugly as usual aren’t you?”
“So it was really just a flattery…”
“Well, but it really has been so long. You look healthy that it made me feel sick.”
While spouting poisonous words like that, Shiori briskly approached near until the table between Homura and Onjouji.
And then she was going to sit besides Onjouji, however she soon seemed like rethinking back and moved her legs towards Homura’s direction.
“Fuh-“
She took a seat besides Homura. And then after taking a single breath, she plopped her head leaning on Homura’s shoulder.
A floral scent of shampoo gently tickled Homura’s nose.

“What? So even though you abused me with hateful words, but the truth is you actually loved me?”
While saying so Homura circled his hand on Shiori’s shoulder.
But that hand was *pachin!* struck down.
That hit was also done without holding back, he felt the numbness until his bone.
“…What. Shiori, you didn’t love me?”
“Such thing is even more impossible than the sun rising from the west.”
(It’s on cataclysmic level you said…!)
“Then why are you clinging this close to me?” f “Because I like your scent.”
“Even if you praise my body odor, I’m troubled how to reply to that.”
Homura twisted his body uncomfortably, but Shiori didn’t pay it any mind and brought her cheek closer to Homura’s shoulder.
Onjouji asked a question towards that daughter.
“Shiori. Why did you come here? I should have told you to wait at the platoon room of the 101st.”
“It can’t be helped don’t you think? Leader and Nakajima-kun are quarreling in the platoon room so annoyingly.”
Homura picked out the name Nakajima from the 101st’s data that he had a read of before this.
It was the name of the only male in 101st, the male that today abandoned Chikori alone and ran away.
“Well, as a leader surely she is going to complain of something like that.”
Because of that one’s action, Sumika almost died, so it was only natural to complain.
“There is also that but, it’s also because Nakajima-kun suddenly said that he is going to get out from the platoon. …He said that he already got the permission from Otou-san, but I wonder if that’s true?” [3]
“It’s true. He was headhunted by a different platoon and moved into the 67th trainee platoon. In exchange there is a plan to enter Homura as the replacement, but… Although they are still trainees, but a talk about fellow magicians quarreling with each other is not really good. Homura. My bad but take a look at the situation. No matter what you also have to show your face officially to them after all. You should take this opportunity while you’re at it.”
“…geez, I get it.”
Homura replied and stood up.
He was not enthusiastic to stick out his neck into other people’s quarrel, but it had been decided already that he was going to look after the 101st. It was looking for trouble but, Homura was not an obstinate person that was going to look for every single trivial reason just for an excuse not to do what he had decided to do already.
“Shiori. Show me the way to the 101st’s waiting room. You know the way right?”
“It can’t be helped.”

When he asked her, Shiori stood up without even showing him any reluctant attitude.
And then she exited the board chairman's room together with Homura.
"This way."
Saying that, Shiori took Homura's arm as if embracing it.
"Are you a ghost that resides inside my hand or something?"
"I like this hand you know. After all, this is the first scent that I know that makes me feel safe."
"…Oh yeah?"
"What? You don't like it?"
"No. This makes us a picture of a handsome man and a beautiful girl couple, ain't that great?"
While making that kind of frivolous talk Homura matched his pace with Shiori's steps and walked for a while.
Homura asked her something that weighed on his mind.
"Speaking of it, before I came here I took a look at the 101st's data, but you are [Rank D] it said? Your results are also full of red marks all over the paper, you really are making light of this. Is there any reason that you don't want to get serious?"
The strength of a magician was assessed in 6 levels from S to E, but among those ranks, rank D was quite a poor student. One could agree even if a magician of that rank was entered into the <baggage platoon>.
But Homura knew about Shiori's true power.
The girl's power was not something to be sorted into a degree of rank D.
That was why he was feeling doubtful.
In response, Shiori gave a curt answer.
"I don't have any interest in going along with children playing soldier."
"Are you at the age that thinks getting worked up in a marathon and trying to win is uncool?"
"Isn't it fine? Even if my results are bad, it's not like I troubled anyone. Besides I did the minimum duty in my work as an Operator that no one can be dissatisfied with. There is no reason for anyone to complain to me."
"What a girl that is not cute at all."
"I'm happy to hear that from you."
—Was that the way of talking of someone that was hugging his arm?
(In the past she was a girl that was a little bit easier to understand though.)
'She is really rebellious now', Homura heaved a deep sigh inside his mind.
Against that Homura,
"Now that you mentioned it, I too have one thing that I want to ask you."
This time the question came from Shiori.
"Hey Homura. Why did you come to Japan after all this time?"
"No idea. Ask your father. And then after that teach me why."
"…So you really returned here without knowing anything. Otou-san being your superior is already something from a long time ago right? Even though

the <Knight Order Without Borders> has already been dissolved a long time ago, why are you still following his orders? Are you gay?”
Absolutely not.
“That’s because he is a man that can be trusted in a bad meaning. Ain’t like I can even ignore him. …Rather, why are you that concerned? This doesn’t have any relation to Shiori right?”
“Yes, that’s right. It’s just, makes me concerned.”
Just then, *ton*, Shiori lightly pushed Homura’s arm and separated their body.
And then, with blaming eyes she burned a clear fire of hatred—and said.
“A good-for-nothing that threw away his various promises and ran away, just what is he doing returning back here after all this time.”
“…That’s mighty harsh how you say it.”
Homura shrugged his shoulders from Shiori’s hostile gaze.
(Well, it’s only obvious that she is angry.)
Five years ago, he got out from Japan without saying anything to Shiori.
That was the conclusion Homura reached from thinking about Shiori in his own way, but Shiori being angry like this was also only natural.
Because Homura also thought so, he couldn’t even give an excuse or gloss over the matter in regards to the girl’s blaming gaze.
Thereupon, as if Shiori had no interest in Homura that was like that, she returned her gaze to the front and resumed leading the way.
Their arms were already separated, now Shiori was walking briskly with a fast pace.
After a while,
{Your whining is annoying! It’s my own business no matter which platoon I want to move to!}
{What’s with your attitude-!!}
From the other side of the path corner, the angry voices of a male and female could be heard.
There was no mistake.
At the other side was the platoon room of the 101st.
“Hey. It’s annoying right?”
“Well, certainly, it makes me want to just get away too…”
“I don’t want to enter inside that anymore, so I’m going back first to the dormitory.”
“Right. Thanks for the guide.”
Shiori lightly waved her hand after telling him her farewell, and Homura advanced towards the corner alone.
Passing through the corner, there was a door there attached with a plate numbering 101.
The quarreling voices reverberated out from inside the door.

Part 5

{I’m out already from this platoon.}
With that sentence as the beginning, the confrontation between Sumika and Nakajima was not something peaceful from the start. But finally after getting this far, a dangerous air as if the both of them would be going at each other soon began to drift off.
Unable to bear it, Ichinotani Chikori who at first remained a spectator cut in between the two.
“Le, Leader and also Nakajima-kun, let’s calm down a little? Okay?”
“There is no way I can calm down! I and also Chikori-san, if we weren’t saved by that person we might have really died back there!”
That was why Chikori’s attempt was futile.
Sumika had been already completely fired up.
While her golden hair stood on end from rage, Sumika pushed back Chikori and drew closer to Nakajima.
“Nakajima-san! Are you thinking about just how much danger we encountered because you ran away on your own!? Although it ended well because of Homura-san’s assistance, but if Homura-san didn’t come just what was going to happen to us! Yet despite so you didn’t even apologize and in addition even quit the platoon, isn’t there a limit to just how one can be so rude!?”
“I don’t care! You two almost died only because both of you are greenhorns! Don’t make it my fault!”
But Nakajima was also similarly fired up.
He yelled angrily with a voice so loud that spit flew at Sumika’s face.
“You are planning to shift the blame!?”
“In the first place it’s fine even if we ignored the scramble! If we did that the National Defense Magician would take care of it, yet Hoshikawa accepted the mission on your own so…! Everything is your fault!”
“The trainee platoon is also a member of National Defense Magician! We have a responsibility to respond to the scramble!”
“Hah-! You're acting like a good kid as usual aren’t you—! As expected from the S-rank magician-sama. But ignoring the scramble is done by all trainee platoons! Everyone cuts corners in this. After all by raising achievements in repelling demons, you will only pointlessly stand out and just get placed on the front line in the future, not taking the scramble is just obvious!”

“Wha-, are you seriously saying that!? Humans that can handle sorcery are still few in number. If we who are just that few in number don’t do this frantically then just what’s going to happen! What’s going to happen if we cannot protect everyone!”
“Like I care! Besides why do I have to bet my life for other people’s sake, just because I happen to be able to handle magic power and got conscripted! If you want to become a superman that much then just do it yourself! Who wants to go along with you!”
When he returned a sharp parting remark like that, Nakajima now couldn’t turn back anymore.
Opening the door with a force as if hitting the door, he exited outside while his shoulders were heaving in rage.
After Nakajima left, Sumika dropped her waist on the pipe chair in the platoon room and blew out her breath.
“Really, what a low awareness……!”
That disappointment was not directed to just Nakajima alone.
Not limited to him, the majority of people in this academy had low motivation.
Well, it was not something so unjustifiable.
Even though humans that could manipulate magic power were already few even in the best of times, the number of magicians was greatly decreased from the war with <Demon King Typhon>.
That was why people who possessed even the slightest bit of aptitude were forcefully enrolled into the magician training academy.
And then from the shortage of human personnel, there were a lot of cases where <Soldier class> demon’s extermination like this time were handed over to the students in the trainee platoon.
It couldn’t be helped, because of the fact that the demons couldn’t be killed except by an attack that was using magic power.
However, to tell children to be understanding about such a problem of society was an unreasonable talk.
Just why do they have to do something this dangerous?
It was not like Sumika too couldn’t understand that feeling.
(However, even if they can understand they cannot accept it.)
She understood that it was scary. Even she was scared of the exchange of life. Even today she had just almost died.
But, right now the only ones who could equally oppose the demons were only them.
Despite so, why they couldn’t become frantic about this, no matter what it made her really irritated.
In that area…Sumika was also still immature.
As a result, Sumika who had a high awareness as a magician felt uncertain somehow.
Too frantic. Gloomy. What are you doing acting like a good child? She was ridiculed like that, estranged, while she was a possessor of the greatest

fighting strength that was S-rank Magician where there were only ten people in the world, she was washed away to the 101st platoon that was scorned as [baggage platoon]. She was stuck with taking care of poor students that couldn't be accepted anywhere else.
Even so Sumika didn't rot, in order to make her platoon able to fight somehow even with all the difficulties, she was always wracking her brains over and gave out instructions, but she had never been rewarded even once.
Even though she had devoted her best, the existence of humans beside herself made all of her effort for nothing.
No matter how much she did her very best, the result was always always tilting into a bad direction.
And today the end result was she was almost killed by something like an orc.
Herself that if she was alone she could kill something like an orc instantly.
"Haa……."
Sumika released a big sigh and covered her head with both her hands.
Will that couldn't be understood. Her useless teammates.
The anxiety of Sumika's heart reached the peak.
And then the petite girl with loose and disheveled hair that was pushed back just now, Ichinotani Chikori called out reservedly to Sumika who was like that.
"Leader, cheer up. Leader didn't do anything bad you know…?"
Those words of Chikori were her consideration towards the totally exhausted Sumika right from her heart.
But, …Chikori was also a factor of that exhaustion.
Looking from Sumika's position, Chikori also had the same fault like Nakajima.
That was why Chikori's words of encouragement snapped apart the frayed mind of Sumika.
"That's just obviousssss-!!!!"
"Kyan-"
"Chikori-san. Even you are not unrelated to this problem. Even though I told you to stop, yet you rushed off on your own! In the end you were taken hostage! Do you not have self-awareness just how much trouble you caused me because of your rash action!?"
"Bu, but, that time the orc was heading to the town area…"
"Then what you should have done was to circle ahead to the town and evacuate the citizens! Just why do you think I had you and Nakajima-kun form a group!? That's because the two of you cannot win against an orc alone! I have told you that thoroughly in the briefing! I told you to absolutely not fight if one of you is not there! Despite that just why did you commit something so foolish like entering battle by yourself-!"
"A, auu"
Being pierced through by eyes that were carrying burning rage, Chikori's face paled and her expression was going to cry.

However Sumika didn’t stop. Chikori’s words from before made her lose all self-control of her emotion, all the various resentment that had been piling up since she enrolled into New Tokyo Sorcery Academy turned into an overflowing muddy stream that even Sumika herself couldn’t control.
“I’ve…-! Even though I’ve been thinking very hard for strategies that could be accomplished even with little magic power, just why can’t you move exactly like I said!? Chikori-san and Nakajima-kun too, and also Shiori-san that always just do the bare minimum of her work even though she is actually an excellent magician! Everyone, everyone is always doing just whatever they please-! You all cannot be useful satisfactorily, so at least please just listen to what I saiddd-!!”
“……-“
“…ah,”
Instantly, Sumika thought ‘now I’ve done it’, that was what her expression looked like.
Just now she had said really too much.
Looking at Chikori’s expression that had been completely stabbed by her words, made Sumika aware of that.
(Even though I’m the one, that knows best just how much Chikori-san has worked hard…)
“E, err, Chikori-san. Just now is…”
Trying to apologize for her own slip of the tongue, Sumika spun her words.
But at that time,
“Aa— my ears hurt. Just why a girl’s yelling face can reverberate this much in the eardrum I wonder.”
The door of the platoon room opened, and a single male entered the room.
It was the one who saved the life of Sumika and Chikori just before, the <Evil God User> Kamishiro Homura.

Part 6

(Aa— aa—, I really done it huh.)
In front of the two who was wearing their <Magi's Jacket> in <Uniform ShapeStandby Mode>, Homura was making a bitter expression inside his heart.
What he regretted was the him who took upon himself to cut in at the timing that stopped Sumika's apologize.
(Even though the matter will be settled for the time being if I just let her apologize. Just why did you come out, me.)
His intervention was done mostly unconsciously.
Homura was straining his ear and listening attentively at the conversation from outside, but when he sensed that Sumika was going to apologize about how she said too much to Chikori, he showed himself completely.
That was because for Sumika to apologize at Chikori here, was the thing that mustn't be done the most.
It was a poor move that would bring nothing but harm for both Sumika and also Chikori.
The apology might even liable to destroy this team.
—Actually, that kind of thing shouldn't have really related to Homura but,
(No matter what it ain't good. I just can't bring myself to leave something like this alone.)
If there was something in front of his eyes that was [going to break], he would unconsciously reached out his hand.
That was also Homura's nature.
(…Well, fine. I interfered already so I gotta take responsibility.)
Appointing such responsibility to himself, Homura called out to the two that was inside the room.
"Both of you, you two look comparatively energetic for someone that almost died huh. That's a relief."
"Ho, Homura-san-!"
When she knew that the man who entered the room was Homura, Sumika's expression that was dyed with anger until now turned brilliant.
The girl happily rushed toward Homura and bowed her head deeply.
"You are Kamishiro Homura-san aren't you! Truly thank you very much for helping us from the danger before this! As the representative of 101st, I express you our gratitude!"

“You really give an extremely courteous greeting huh. Even toward the <Evil God User> that is even called the [traitor].”
“Evil god or whatever, what mistake there is in using a power that you can use in order to protect. Even if the power that you use is even more evil than the devil itself, you are a hero who stand in the dangerous foremost line more than anyone and saved lives more numerous than anyone, not an evil existence.”
It was the duty of those with power to protect those without power.
For Sumika who remonstrated herself like that, Homura who exterminated the <Demon King Typhon> was an existence she aspired for.
That was why, the girl didn’t care at all about the label that the influential people stuck to Homura.
She stared straight at Homura and sent him a gaze of respect and gratitude.
“E, excuse me-! Please let me say my thanks too! To save me from the danger, and for even going as far as healing my injury, really, thank you very much-!”
Continuing after Sumika, Ichinotani Chikori was also lowering her head to Homura while her little ponytail shook.
He couldn’t feel respect as much as Sumika from the girl’s voice and gaze, but it was obvious that there was no fear in those.
Looking at that situation, Homura finally comprehended.
Certainly, it was just like Onjouji said, the sense of these two as magician was not bad.
While it was only natural for Sumika who was already an S-rank magician, this Ichinotani Chikori was also a girl who was able to believe the thing that she had seen herself.
Not carried away by rumor, believing on what she had seen herself, believing on the knowledge that she had obtained.
In a certain meaning it was even the most important resource for a magician.
Just from that exchange Homura had managed to take in these two’s aptitude.
“Well, it’s all fine. It’s not even too much trouble for me. Besides I said it right, I got a little reason that I got entered into 101st. In other words from now on we are comrade.”
Talking to the two with a kind tone,
“Helping a useless leader that has no ability at all save yelling around, is also the duty of a comrade.”
That voice tone, suddenly turned into something cold.
“——eh.”
It was words that suddenly struck and stabbed Sumika.
Sumika’s expression froze from those words.
(…I am, useless?)
Cold scorn from the person she was harboring aspiration to.

But Homura left alone the dumbfounded Sumika, he passed through in front of the girl and,
“Ichinotani Chikori, right? You too have it hard huh. Getting used by this greenhorn and almost died. You have my sympathy. Really, it’s great that your wound was not something big. But you can be relieved. From tomorrow I’ll be the leader of 101st. Just as you know, I’m a magician that can even use evil god, that’s why those demons are just like fart for me. If you work under me you ain’t gonna meet almost death experience for the second time.”
Homura gave a friendly smile while clapping Chikori’s shoulder repeatedly.
“Eh, a…, eh.”
However Chikori was also confused from that.
Just how should she act in this scene that would be good, her expression showed that she hadn’t the slightest idea.
But, faster than that confused Chikori,
“Please wait.”
Sumika pierced Homura’s nape with a sharp voice.
Right now the envy in Sumika’s eyes was gone, replaced with a glaring hostility.
It was understandable. Sumika believed that she had continued until this far with her very best effort in her own way.
For her to be ridiculed by someone who just arrived today that didn’t know anything saying whatever he pleased, there was no way she could endure that.
“Certainly Kamishiro-san is far stronger than someone like me. I even think that it’s fine to say that there is no magician exists above this earth that can match you. That’s why perhaps it’s the correct decision for you to become the leader. But, …I cannot accept to be told as useless.”
“You really talk big for someone that almost death just from something like orc.”
“Wr, wrong! You are wrong you know, Evil God User-san! That’s because of my fault! It’s my bad because I didn’t listen to leader’s warning, leader didn’t do anything wrong at all-!”
However Homura shook his head saying “No” to Chikori’s objection and add to his denial.
“It ain’t wrong. In the first place, her inability to draw out Ichinotani’s power except of something to the degree of getting beaten by orc, is the proof of her incompetence. Yet despite so, to brand Ichinotani as useless is just shelving her fault. Let me say this, if I become Ichinotani’s master then at tomorrow morning, —Hoshikawa Sumika, she can become even stronger than you.”
“————!”
“Eh, eeeee!?”
Chikori screamed from the too sudden words.

On the other hand Sumika was making a doubtful expression that seemed to say [Just what in the world this guy is talking about], while scrutinizing Homura.
“<Evil God User>-san really doesn’t have a humor sense aren’t you?”
“If you say you cannot believe that let’s try it out for real. Tomorrow is also just right because it’s Sunday and there is no class. Do a mock battle between you and Ichinotani the first thing in the morning. I’m going to show you I can make Ichinotani win against you in that mock battle.”
“Wha, tha, that kind of thing is obviously impossible-!”
Chikori who was dragged into a duel without her say so raised a protesting voice, but Homura didn’t lend his ear to that at all.
“It’s okay, it’s okay. Don’t get that nervous. This kind of girl, she won’t even reach your pinky after all.”
“…Do you know about the grades of me and Chikori-san?”
“You are an S-rank magician and the number 1 of your year. While Ichinotani is in the academy’s lowest place with E-rank…the lowest rank. I have seen your data before so I know already. Obtaining the title S-rank magician when you are still a student, well that’s quite something. But looking from <myEvil God User> position, the rating of those like <youHeroic Spirit User> is just like comparing heights of bunch of acorn.”
“-!”
Sumika’s eyebrow twitched from those words.
At any rate <Heroic Spirit User> could only contract with human soul, in contrast this man exchanged contract with god itself. The scale of strength was different.
But, even so Sumika until now had continued to struggle to death doing her best until now in order to distinguish herself from among those acorns.
She strived in her study of sorcery sacrificing her youth, she exposed her life to danger and overcame battles against demon.
In the end of all that what she obtained in her hand was her own power, the title as S-rank magician.
For that, to be told that it was only something to the degree that could be overtaken by the academy’s weakest Chikori in just one night, it was not something that could be endured. That was why,
“…Fine then. That match, I’ll accept it.”
“Leader!?”
With eyes that conceived a strong anger, Sumika accepted the fight that Homura brought to her.
“The match will be tomorrow morning. Can you get Chikori-san to become stronger than even me until then?”
“It’s a piece of cake.”
“But, if Chikori-san lost to me, please withdraw your calling me as incompetent.”

“Of course. I’ll also bow my head. Not just that. I’ll also entrust being the leader to you for a long time, and I’m going to become a loyal underling for you that follow your order no matter what it is.”
“…That’s extremely generous isn’t it?”
“After all there ain’t no way I’m gonna lose.”
“I’ll make you regret it. That self-conceit.”
“Just who do you think I am. Even if I get self-conceit, but just against a mere magician as an opponent, I still got a lot of leeway left.”
“……Is that so? Then, let’s meet tomorrow.”
Glancing in annoyance at Homura whose composed attitude persistently didn’t break, Sumika left from the platoon room.

Part 7

After Sumika exited the room, there were only Homura and Chikori left inside the room.
For a while Chikori was dumbfounded from the fact that a duel between her and Sumika had been decided, but when she came to her senses she protested to Homura as if snarling.
“Wh, what kind of promise that you decided by yourself!? Th, this is troubling for me you know-!”
“This is the chance to clear your reputation right? If you win against Hoshikawa, then you won’t be called useless for the second time anymore.”
“That might be so but, for me to win against leader, there is no way that’s possible…. In the first place leader didn’t do anything bad at all! Today too she tried to help me who violated the order, she was always supervising the training of the weak me! Yet…even though you don’t know anything, don’t you badmouth leader-!”
Chikori moved her small body in a large way and expressed the strength of her anger.
That anger was not about the duel that had been decided without her say-so, but an anger toward the fact that Homura criticized Sumika without knowing about her dedication.
Sumika was accomplishing her duty as the leader of a trainee platoon far surpassing the standard that had been demanded from her.
Chikori knew about that.
And also about how she and the other was dragging down the legs of such Sumika.
That was why, she couldn’t bear it for Homura to unreasonably hurt Sumika with his words.
(I’ve to quickly apologize to leader……!)
She had to quickly restore the unfairly wounded honor of Sumika.
Surely right now she was deeply wounded.
Thinking so, Chikori brushed aside Homura and reached out her hand to the doorknob in order to chase after Sumika.
Homura’s voice reached that back.
“Where do you plan to go?”
“That’s obvious! I’m going to apologize to leader!”

“Even though I’ve said that I’m gonna make you stronger than that girl from now on? What are you gonna do about the mock battle tomorrow?”
“Something like that has nothing to do with me! Rather than that, I’ve to apologize to leader quickly. If it’s now perhaps she will forgive me—”
“After apologizing and getting forgiven, you are going to keep being a hindrance to her for your whole life?”
“——-!?”
Instantly, from Homura’s words that was quiet as if being whispered, yet possessing a sharpness that pierced her heart from the back, Chikori’s whole body froze.
“Just what are you getting surprised from? You apologize. Hoshikawa forgives you. I become the bad guy. With that everything is buried. That’s the gist of it right. That’s what are you going to do right now.”
“That, is……”
“It’s just the idea of putting on hold everything by leaving behind the real problem and preserves the surface of your human relationship. Not just you Ichinotani. That girl Hoshikawa too. Before I came out, that girl was trying to apologize to you for saying too much. But, that was the wrong action. No matter how much you try to maintain the surface of your relationship, the left behind pestering wound will surely coming to a head someday. And that’s also gonna happen in a scene that’s even more fatal than today. That’s why I cut in there.”
Correct. Even Homura understood perfectly that Sumika didn’t have any wrong.
No rather, he evaluated Sumika as an excellent magician that was too much for the level of a student, a competent leader.
But, there was only one, one thing that Sumika fatally mistaken as the way to resolve this problem.
That was exactly why, Homura created this situation where he made Sumika to duel Chikori without apologizing.
There was only one way to resolve the problem of these two, there was no other way than for Chikori to become strong.
Therefore Homura asked Chikori.
“Ichinotani, do you think you are fine staying like you are now?”
Against that question, the shoulder of Chikori who was grasping the doorknob shook.
—Just who in the world can think that it’s okay to stay like this.
That’s,
“……It’s obvious that even me think it’s not okay.”
The answering voice was filled with painful emotion.
That’s right, she too thought that she couldn’t stay like this. She never thought even for an instant that it was okay.
That was why, she did all the training that she could come up with.
Almost the whole time of her day was devoted for training her magic power.

“But, it didn’t do me a single good at all! Even though everyone else rapidly get stronger doing the same training, just me, rather than getting stronger I rapidly getting weaker instead!”
When she first enrolled into New Tokyo Sorcery Academy she wasn’t like this.
But, about three months after enrolling, suddenly her magic power became unable to grow.
No, it was not just that. No matter how desperate the effort that she did, even when she piled up effective training that Sumika thought really hard for her sake, day by day Chikori became unable to knead her magic power well, and right now she had completely weakened until she became unable to even mostly use her contracted Heroic Spirit’s <Hero Skill>.
Just why did this happen.
The answer that came out from the instructor she consulted with was, —this was the [limit of her talent].
The limit of her capacity as magician. That was why the instructor said that she couldn’t hope for more than this.
Then—
“Then it can’t be helped.”
She didn’t think that it was fine for her to stay like this.
But if she was told that she couldn’t hope for more than this—
“Isn’t there nothing I can do, except doing my hardest at what I can do right now.”
That was why Chikori did just that until now.
She trained for dozens of times longer than other people, trying to at the very least slow down the declining of her magic power.
Like that she did the only thing she could do until now.
That was why, being asked [is it fine to stay like this] this late just made her irritated.
“…There is nothing else to be said more than this.”
Saying that, this time for sure Chikori was going to get out of the room. But,
“It’s a mistake that this is the limit of your talent. What happen to you, —is just a sickness.”
“……eh-“
The girl’s leg stopped from the unforeseen word.

Part 8

The door was still opened, but Chikori's leg was stopped, Homura talked toward that Chikori.
He noticed when he healed her wound, the truth that was happening in her body.
"It's a rare illness that there is still even less than ten people in the world that ever got it. It's called Apple Seed(AS) syndrome. An illness that occur only in magician. From the medical examination I did when I healed you before, there is no mistake about this."
"……Sick, ness…?"
"Yeah, the magician that is afflicted with this illness has their magic power conduit vein that create magic power and circulate it to the whole body degenerating really fast, just in a few months the ill person will completely become unable to use sorcery and become a normal human. That's why no matter how hard the current you work hard, it's obvious that all of that is pointless. After all, even the new magic power conduit vein created from the magic power training that you piled up is degenerating from the start right when it was created."
"Bu, but, the teacher didn't say even a single word about illness…..!"
"That's because that guy is just ignorance. And then…I can heal your illness."
"Eh-!"
"Apple Seed syndrome is an illness that degenerate your magic power conduit vein and blocked them. That's why, it's going to be fine if magic power is poured from outside and the veins are forcibly opened. Although doing something like pushing open other people's conduit vein with your own magic power, is something like sticking through a sharply pointed wire through a brittle blood vessel. Even though the way to cure it is understood, it's not something possibly doable in practice. But…if it's me then it's doable."
"Th, that's, is that, true!?"
"Of course. After all though the image of <Evil God User> tend to sound wild, but in practice that title meant a sorcery expert in the level that can control freely even [god]."
In this world there was no sorcery existed that Homura didn't know, sorcery that he couldn't perform also didn't exist at all.

Whether it was offense, or even in defense, or even in healing—
Because Homura was perfect in everything, that he was able to employ even god.
“And then Apple Seed is similar like an epidemic parotitis, someone who has overcame it once won’t get it anymore for the second time. That’s why if you receive my teaching and duel against Hoshikawa tomorrow, that’s the proof that you are completely healed. Based on that I’m gonna ask one more time. ……You, are you fine staying weak?”
“……”
Homura’s question that was repeated once more.
Chikori couldn’t return any word to that, she grew quiet and hung her head down.
The girl was lost. Was Homura’s words the truth? Was if fine for her to believe him?
Thereupon, Homura created an escape path for such Chikori.
“Well, I’m not gonna force you. If right now you want to chase Hoshikawa and get back to being friend like before then that’s okay. Not like I’m gonna blame you. In the first place since I entered 101st already, there is not going any dead that will come out just from taking one or two extra baggage.”
It was fine even if she stayed weak. Homura said that he would allow the weak Chikori.
Saying honestly, this was also words that came out from Homura’s true feeling.
Until now, people who met sorrow or died because they were blessed with talent in sorcery, Homura had seen a lot of them.
It was better to not have any talent in sorcery. That was Homura’s conclusion in regard of sorcery.
That was why he was not forcing her. He also wouldn’t hurry her.
Until the end it was Chikori herself that chose. Saying those words from his mouth as the last, he now waited for Chikori’s reply.
And then, after a little long silence—Chikori opened her mouth.
“……Leader, is really kind. Since the second year, she tried her hardest to make strong this me that couldn’t do well any sorcery at all. …Everyone abandoned me and treated me like unneeded child, yet among them only leader believed in me. I can continue being a magician until today is thanks to leader. That’s why…leader, is a really important friend for me.”
“Is that so.”
“However, exactly because of that I don’t want to become Sumika-chan’s friend, I want to become her comrade in arms!”
Chikori closed hard the door that she opened in order to chase after Sumika.
That was Chikori’s answer.
Just now, when Homura proposed to her an escape path that it was fine even if she was not healed, a future flashed inside Chikori’s mind.

Besides Homura and Sumika who betted their life fighting demon, not doing anything, looking up from afar at a safe place at those two, the figure of herself.
(…Something like that, I don't want it!)
She liked being useful to someone since a long time ago.
She liked seeing someone's happy face.
That was why, Chikori had always admired hero that protected those smiling face, she came to this New Tokyo Sorcery Academy trying to become that kind of hero.
Perhaps her illness would be cured.
That hope resurrected the passion of that time inside Chikori's heart.
That's right. If she didn't do anything staying like this, she would not be a magician any longer sooner or later anyway.
She would leave this academy, with her important friend that believed in her, continued to believe in her until now stayed disappointed in her.
That was, completely running away.
Then, if there was hope even if just a little, she was going to bet on it.
For the sake of Sumika who accompanied someone like her until now.
And then, above all for the sake of her own dream.
"Evil God User-san. Please make me strong!"
There was no more color of hesitation in Chikori's eyes.
Then, asking repeatedly more than this was just boorish, it was something that Homura also understood.
"Just leave it to me."
Therefore Homura gave his firm promise toward the girl's resolve.
That he would grant the girl's wish.
And then for that sake, he slowly approached Chikori, and grabbed the delicate shoulders of the girl.
"Eh……!"
Her body stiffened from the sudden happening, Chikori tried to take a few steps back from Homura.
But Homura was,
"It's okay. Believe me."

Gently, Homura stared at the girl’s eyes and whispered.

Chikori was agitated from the distance that suddenly became close, her eyes anxiously shook—
“Yes……”
The strength of her body immediately relaxed.
The eyes of Homura that stared at her.
Affection was overflowing from there.
To the degree that it surprised her, if human could really be this earnest and sincere toward other people.
That was exactly why, it was something that was worthy to believe.
Chikori closed her eyes and entrusted her body to Homura even while her cheeks reddened.
“Good kid.”
Homura whispered that to Chikori who entrusted her body to him and stroke her cheek with the hand that was on her shoulder.
And then keeping like that he lifted the front hair on her forehead, and kissed the forehead like a gentle touch.
At the same time from his lips through her skin, his magic power flowed into the conduit vein of Chikori.
“…a, -!”
—Instantly, sky colored magic power overflowed from Chikori’s whole body.

Chapter 2

Part 1

The last day of <Walpurgis Night> where everything above the earth was wrapped in flames.
Sumika was alone, standing on a pier that stuck out to the sea.
And then she looked straight ahead.
Calmly flying through the burned sky acting as if it owned the place, the seven headed giant dragon that came from the other side of the horizon—the figure of <Demon King Typhon>.
{What are you doing in this kind of place?}
At that time, a voice suddenly came from behind.
When Sumika turned back towards the voice, a young boy around the same age as her was standing there.
{Who are you?}
{Just a passer by.}
A young boy that answered curtly.
The first impression that Sumika got from that boy was—a corpse.
Exhausted pale blue face.
His clothes were torn into rags, wounds were everywhere on his body.
It was mysterious how he was still alive from all of those.
But, the boy didn't pay attention at all towards his own state and continued his words.
{There was also a notification to head to the shelter right? That [Japan Mainland is abandoned]. The allied forces and the knight order too had already escaped. If you don't hurry with them you're gonna be left behind.}
Hearing those words, Sumika shook her head left and right.
{If you are going to escape then please escape alone. I'm not running away.}
{Not running you say, then what are you gonna do?}

That was obvious.
{I'll fight.}
{Haa!? You, just alone!?}
Sumika returned an astonished voice to the surprised boy.
{Do you see anyone else here?}
{Don't say something so idiotic. Your opponent is a demon that didn't get even a single wound even though the army of the whole world went at it all at once you know.}
Even the child Sumika knew about that much.
Yesterday, in other words the ninth night of <Walpurgis Night>.
The Human race came out facing a great battle.
The allied forces that concentrated the whole battle strength of each country and the mixed army of the <Knight Order Without Borders>.
With all that an all-out attack was launched on Typhon.
But it ended in failure.
In the end they couldn't deal a single wound to Typhon and were annihilated within one hour.
This information was immediately notified to the shelters throughout the world and brought about a deep despair.
She knew.
After all, whether it was adults or children, soldier or magician, everyone was choked with tears from this merciless fate.
But, that was why Sumika thought.
{And then so what?}
{What?}
{I understand just how much a threat that thing is. I understand so I will fight.}
{!}
{No matter where we run, we cannot escape from that. Because that demon king, just in ten days it thoroughly burned the world all over. It's impossible to run or anything from that <Demon King>. You will understand just from thinking about it a little. We cannot survive even if we run. If we don't fight, if we don't defeat it, we will be killed eventually.}
That's right. That was something obvious.
The earth was round. There was nowhere to run.
Then, what was it going to accomplish turning your back to the destruction.
It was no different than an indirect suicide.
—What are you going to do not fighting. What are you going to do giving up on living.

{We are alive. If so, just what are you doing to not fight in order to live-!}

They couldn't survive if they didn't fight.

They could protect nothing if they didn’t face the threat.
(Then—I’ll fight!)
There was magic power in her to some extent.
That was why she would resist.
She wouldn’t turn her back to the approaching destruction.
Because that was the pride of the living, the way how one ought to live.
—That was, truly an immature way of thinking.
Not even having power, not even having technique. What she had was just a single feeling.
What could she do just with her feeling.
There was nothing she could do. She could only die meaninglessly.
However—

{……haha, hahahaha-}

Listening to those laughable words of a foolish child, that boy raised his voice and laughed.
He laughed truly, happily. There were even tears gathering at the corners of his eyes.
{What is it?}
Just what in the world was he being that happy for.
When Sumika asked that in wonder, the boy wiped his tears with the back of his hand before answering.
{…No, it’s nothing. It’s just, I’m happy. ……that among the people those guys protected, and then among the people that I decided I’m going to protect, there is a fine woman like you.}
It was an answer that Sumika couldn’t comprehend. And then the next moment,
{—-!?}

- BU* Black darkness was blowing out from the boy’s body.

It flickered like a flame, painting out the world. Sumika, who was hailed since she was little as a prodigy in sorcery, immediately understood just what it was.
This was—pure magic power.
It was excessively strong, excessively thick, therefore it lost its brightness.
It was the light of the boy’s magic power that painted out the world.
A power to this degree, even a S-rank magician didn’t have it.
{You …who in the world}
‘What are you?’ She asked the boy in front of her eyes with a shocked expression.
But the boy didn’t answer that.
{You are correct. This world, is gonna survive whatever the circumstances may be.}

He made a little smile and flew.
Not even using Air Raid, his flesh and blood body gently floated in the air just like that.
{That's why look at that in order to live. I'm going to protect you all.}
Saying that, he made his challenge.
Just by his lonesome. Against the Demon King that burned the world to ash—

—Hoshikawa Sumika stopped the shower that washed her body, she opened her eyelids slowly and returned from her deep reminiscence.
(…Even now the memory of that day is still really clear.)
It was burned at the back of her eyelids.
After that, the boy—Kamishiro Homura realized exactly the words that he had left behind to Sumika.
He showed how he protected the world, just by himself.
Sumika was the closest person who saw everything of that battle.
From beginning to end, she didn't miss a single thing.
And then …she felt a yearning.
Towards that figure who personified her ideal, that way of living.
However, for that reason—

{Helping a useless leader that has no ability at all save yelling around, is also the duty of a comrade.}

"……-"
Those words pierced her heart deeply.
Deeply, sharply.
Because she idolized that person, because she had done her best desperately, wanting to be like that person, for her everything to be denied by that person, Homura, right from the front was really frustrating that she couldn't help it.
And then, because of that, Sumika's heart was roused up.
…She had to make him look at her.
Yesterday the atmosphere suddenly turned dangerous, so she was unable to ask whether Homura remembered her.
That was why, she didn't know whether Homura remembered her or not.
But, such a thing didn't matter anymore. It was trivial.
Whether he remembered her or not, his recognition of her, had to be corrected before her feeling could settle down.
"…I'll absolutely, win."

Part 2

The enrollment of <Evil God User> Kamishiro Homura, had became well-known to all the students the morning of the next day.
{O, oi, have you heard!? The talk that that <Evil God User> is enrolling into this academy!?}
{Incomprehensible. Why did that traitor become a student… Just what is the board chairman thinking.}
{Even though we already got the short straw just because we can use sorcery…! Will we get killed, if we irritate his feelings even just for a little?}
Scary. No way. I want to run.
Everywhere in the academy, the pale students raised their voices as if screaming.
It was not unreasonable. The other party was the unknown <Evil God User>.
A man that could blow away their life even easier than blowing away a candle light if he felt like it.
That kind of threat was moving around freely right beside them.
It was like being in the same cage as a lion.
They shuddered in fear. It was only a normal reaction.
People like Sumika and Chikori, that could perceive Homura's existence with a positive feeling were the abnormal ones.
And then, a new information was brought to the students.
It was about what was going to happen after this, the story about Sumika and Chikori's mock battle.
{The <Evil God User> is pleased with the lowest ranking of all year Ichinotani, he said that he is going to make her even stronger than Hoshikawa in one day.}
{Furthermore it seems that if she lost he is going to obediently become Hoshikawa's subordinate.}
{Really!? But even if he is that <Evil God User>, making that Chikori-chan stronger than that Sumika-san in one day, that's impossible…}
The information spread in the blink of an eye. Whispers were exchanged.
It was the opposite of the fear towards <Evil God User>, the manifestation of interest towards an existence that far transcended their own common sense.
Perhaps because of that.

At the training field the morning of that day, a great number of onlookers were rushing there even though they were not invited.
The ring for mock battle use installed at the training field—
No matter how wounded someone became inside the ring, if they went out from the ring even for just a step the wound would be all gone. Standing on top of the ring where a special magic barrier that made [reality] into [dream] and [dream] into [reality] was applied, Sumika who was waiting for the arrival of Homura and Chikori looked at the onlookers and sighed deeply.
(…Really. Even though usually they won't even step into the training field as long as there was no class.)
She felt like a spectacle. Honestly it was not a good feeling.
(Well, though I don't have the plan of chasing them away because of that.)
Suddenly, at that time there was a stir from the onlookers.
{<Evil God User> and Ichinotani came!}
{That's the traitor of the human race that sold his soul to evil god…}
{Somehow… his appearance is normal. Rather, he might be a little cool.}
Ignoring those commotions, Sumika pierced Homura who appeared in the match place with a prickling tone.
"So you came without running away."
But Homura wasn't moved at all and returned ridiculing words.
"There ain't any reason to run away after all."
"Then as promised, were you able to make Chikori-san stronger than me in one night?"
"That's going to be proved after this right?"
Saying that, Homura lightly clapped Chikori's back and pushed out the girl to the front.
Towards Chikori, Sumika asked a question.
"…Chikori-san. Now that I think back, I still haven't asked Chikori-san's feelings about this. Does Chikori-san intend to fight me, just like this man said?"
This was a trouble that was started from the quarrel between Homura and Sumika.
Chikori was just dragged into it.
That was why before the fight, Sumika had to confirm this.
Sumika asked from that way of thinking. On the other hand, Chikori was—
"…Ahaha. …At first, I didn't intend to do this. I don't want to fight or anything. Because, leader has always been my ally all along, you are my important friend. …However"
Without even being told by Homura, Chikori sent a challenging gaze to Sumika,
"Because you are an important friend like that, I want you to know my power right now. That's why, we are fighting-!"
Chikori showed her own will.

“…Is that so? If you say that you came here with your own will, I will not hesitate too.”
In order to respond, Sumika put her hand at the tie of her uniform, and pulled it down.
It was the switch.
Instantly, the <Standby Mode> of the <Magi’s Jacket> became particles of light and dissolved, changing its shape.
A hat with a wide rim and two revolvers.
An extremely short skirt that stressed easy movement, and long boots.
It was the <Battle StateMagius Mode> of <Gunner> style that imitated a cowgirl.
At the other side, Chikori also put her finger on her tie in response and she too changed her clothes into <Magius Mode>.
It was lightweight clothes that exposed her abdomen and legs.
But only her two arms were covered by heavily blunt shining gauntlets.
That was the girl’s <Arms> of the <Grappler> style.
It was a pure blow weapon made from mythril that wasn’t attached with any extra sorcery mechanism.
Chikori opened and closed her arms twice, three times to ascertain the feel of the gauntlets, then she tensed her expression.
“Then, here I go. Master.”
After leaving those words with Homura, she went on top of the ring.
And then, she hit her gauntlets at each other in front of her chest *GANN!*
—At that moment, her recovered power was liberated.

Part 3

It was a sudden explosion of light.

- GOU*

Blowing away the atmosphere, a shining storm was created with Chikori in the center.
It was a wind that emitted light similar to sky colored flame.
It raged until a degree where it could be visualized, a vast magic power.
Chikori's magic power that was liberated widely illuminated the training field that had a size as big as a gymnasium.
{ { {O, OOOoOOoOO!?!?} } }
That rampaging magic power light made the onlookers raise surprised voices.
The magic power light that gushed out from Chikori, no matter how one looked at it, it was even stronger than the magic power of the academy's top student—the S-rank magician Sumika.
Even though she was supposed to be the lowest rank student of the academy until yesterday night.
But, as expected the one who was the most surprised from that fact was Sumika.
(Eh… Wh, what is this, this magic power is……!)
That reality that was hard to accept so suddenly sprouted uneasiness that was even similar to confusion.
But, the moment the both of them were already on top of the ring, the fight had already begun.
"Heree I come—! Leader!"
While pulling a line of light behind, Chikori headed to Sumika in a straight line and rushed.
In an instant that was like a blink of an eye, Chikori filled the distance between her and Sumika that was almost 20 meters, and caught Sumika in the range of her fist.
(Fast-!?)
The right arm covered in a gauntlet that aimed for Sumika was swung through from below.
It was an uppercut that rode the momentum of Chikori's charge.
But, Sumika was also not a naïve opponent that would easily get hit by a surprise attack at the raising of the curtain.

She immediately forced down the confusion inside herself with her strength of will and recovered her body's initiative.
And then she avoided the swung uppercut with a sidestep. That moment,
{ { {UWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA} } }
Chikori's swung strong arm swept away the air on its trajectory and produced a squall.
And then the created and launched squall uprooted a part of the onlookers outside from the ring, raising them until 30 meters from the floor until near the ceiling.
{This is a lie right!? Those people were blown away just from the wind pressure!?}
{What kind of arm strength is this-!?}
{A, anyway everyone get away a bit! You're going to get blown away!}
A charge with impossible speed. An attack with impossible magic power.
The onlookers made a commotion from Chikori's unexpected strength.
Among them, Sumika was convinced. This was,
(Hero Skill!)
Every magician was contracted with a hero of the past that was a guardian spirit of the human side. By making themselves possessed by that soul they would receive the hero's strength.
And then, naturally, Sumika who was the leader of the 101st platoon, knew about the heroic spirit that Chikori who was a platoon member was contracted with.
Possessing a giant physique and aberrant herculean strength, the great man who was even called [ogre]—
The <depraved monk> Musashibou Benkei.
The blessing from her contract with him, the Hero Skill was the reinforcement of the whole body's physical strength dozens of times stronger, <Peerless Herculean Strength>.
Right now Chikori's small body was carrying a herculean strength that could even send an ogre flying.
Of course all of her actions were reinforced by that enormous physical strength.
Her speed —and her power too!
(However, until yesterday she couldn't use a thing like Hero Skill……!)
If she was able to use it, she should be able to escape from the restraint of something like an orc and even break its fingers in the process.
There was no way to doubt anymore.
Homura had really raised Chikori's power dramatically in just one night.
To the degree that she could use a Hero Skill skillfully.
And then possessing that overwhelming physical strength, Chikori pursued the running away Sumika.
With the action of pulling back her uppercut that hit empty air, what came out linking to the next was, a right straight.

If the approaching fist cutting through the wind hit then Sumika's consciousness would be reaped away in one attack without her being able to even complain.
However,
(But, seeing it another way…!)
In short it would be fine if she just didn't get hit. Sumika immediately rallied herself that was shaken by Chikori's unexpected attack power, and invoked a single sorcery.
Wind element second grade sorcery「Wind WalkAero Step.
It created air current under one's own leg, a movement sorcery to move at high speed.
Among the sorcery of the human race, with the fifth grade possessing the highest difficulty, this magic didn't have that high of a difficulty, because of that it didn't take much effort to chant, and if one was able to even reach Sumika's level then it was an extremely convenient sorcery that was possible to be used chantlessly and breathlessly.
"Fuh-!"
Sumika followed that air current and sidestepped.
She was faster than the approaching right fist, moving her body she avoided the blow.
And then while she jumped her body at Chikori's flank,
"――-!"
She drew the silver revolver from her holster on her waist.

- PAN-*, gun sound of one shot. For the sake of this match Sumika loaded rubber bullet for use of suppressing rioters and shot it, hitting at Chikori's forehead temple.

The audible gun sound was one shot.
However, in an instant there were three bullets that were shot.
The quick draw that couldn't be caught by the eye and it sound couldn't even be heard was a Hero Skill of <Gun Saint> Billy the Kid that was similar to <Back Sniper>.
It was the <Quick Draw> that could be said as his representative.
And then those bullets were all impacted at the same place.
This could be said as a natural result.
If asked why it was because Sumika's contracted heroic spirit <Gun Saint> Billy the Kid's <Quick Draw> was a special move that was wrapped in a curse of absolute hit that created a powerful cause and effect that added with a speed that even the eye couldn't catch, [shooting] = [hit].
Instantaneous three rapid-fire. The piercing impact shook Chikori's brain, and smashed her consciousness mercilessly.
It couldn't be endured. The living being called human didn't have the toughness and body structure that could endure this impact.
Therefore the match was decided. It was really too quick. Yet despite how it should be so,

“IT HURTSSSSSSS!!!! ……BUT, I’LL ENDUREEEE!!!!”

How was that possible, far from losing her consciousness Chikori didn’t even fall down and braced herself.
“L, lies-!?”
The rubber bullet should have impacted Chikori’s temple already.
Looking at the reality that should be impossible, as expected even Sumika couldn’t hide her wavering.
But, Chikori smiled wryly to Sumika who was like that.
“It feels embarrassing for you to be that surprised. The Hero Skill that <Heroic Spirit User> can use is not just one. After all the miracleHero Skill the heroic spirit caused comes from the number of legends that hero left behind when he lived. …Leader. My contracted heroic spirit the <depraved monk> Musashibo Benkei, what do you think his most famous episode was?”
(Famous, episode…….ah-)
Instantly, Sumika realized her own blunder.
“Benkei’s standing death…-!”
“Correct. This is the Hero Skill derived from that standing death’s anecdote, <Niou no Mie>. The magician possessed by Musashibo Benkei will not faint against whatever kind of impact, become able to continue fighting until the body’s physical limit. That’s why, that kind of toy bullet absolutely won’t beat me.” [4]
“Ku……!”
A clear impatience appeared in Sumika’s expression.
That’s right, rubber bullets was a weapon with the purpose to [stunfaint] the enemy.
Therefore it was completely powerless against <Niou no Mie> that possessed the power of [Stun Nullification].
…This was Sumika’s fatal miss.
Originally, even though this was just a practice, the confrontation between fellow magicians would use real bullets with mythril heads.
A special magic circle was spread under the ring of the training field, so no matter how heavy the wound one bore inside it, even something to the extent of having one’s head shot, if they took a step outside the ring all of those wounds would become a [dream].
Due to that, there was no need to be considerate of the opponent’s wound.
But even so, Sumika presumed to choose rubber bullets, the reason for that was simple.
In short, Sumika was underestimating Chikori until that much.
“…It’s a little, vexing. …In the end, it became just like what Master said yesterday.”

“What are you talking about?”
“Master said it. [Hoshikawa is completely making light of you, so in order to defeat you gently, she will come with equipment that won’t hurt and make you faint instead. That’s why there is absolutely nothing that can make you lose], he said.”
“——-“
Homura had fathomed Sumika’s shallow conceit at the occasion yesterday.
That fact deeply pierced Sumika’s heart.
But in some meaning it also couldn’t be helped.
After all, there was really that much of a difference between these two at that point of time yesterday.
Rather filling that difference in just one night was the irrational thing. It was something impossible.
That was why, Sumika pressed a question at Homura who was standing at the ring side with a strong tone.
“You, just what in the world is it that you did to Chikori-san!? To obtain this much power just in one night, normally it’s unthinkable…!”
On the other hand the questioned Homura was chuckling a little “Fuh-” and,
“Well, just as you said. In reality, it’s not like Ichinotani actually obtained that power in one night after all.”
Like that, it was words that were quiet hard to comprehend that were returned to Sumika.
“What, do you mean?”
“Saying it frankly, all this time Ichinotani was sick you know.
Day by day her magic power conduit vein was degenerating, a really troublesome illness.
Getting this thing happen to you will normally make all your conduit veins degenerate in two months, you won’t be able to use sorcery then.
But with the aberrant training that she did obstinately, Ichinotani continued to persist during these two years.
Normally it’s an unthinkable story.
After all no matter how much training you piled up, even if you create new magic power conduit veins, it’s already starting to degenerate from the moment it was created. In the end, it’s nothing more than a minus result.
Your condition gradually turns worse, wasted effort. To continue through such mortification until two years, your average Joe won’t be able to do that. But Ichinotani carried that out until yesterday. Carrying out all that, and continued to be a magician until now.
If the degenerated magic power conduit veins of someone like that, is restored, all of it, then how do you think she is going to turn out?”
“——–!”
Homura’s words, when she tried to imagine their meaning, Sumika turned speechless.
Correct. In other words that was the reason for Chikori’s radical power up.
This power was not something that Chikori grasped in one night yesterday.

It was the fruits of these two years of hers, where she didn’t give up to continuously work hard even while continuously being in hardship until she reached this stage.
The compensation that hadn’t been paid to this girl for these two years continuously was paid to Chikori by Homura’s hand in one night, it was only something like that.
“Hoshikawa Sumika. A magician of your level should be able to imagine enough from the legend, just what kind of Hero Skill Benkei has. That’s why, against Ichinotani that made a heroic spirit contract with Benkei, just how much of a fatal stupid plan that is to bring that kind of toy, you can understand if you think about it a little right? But you didn’t even think about something that little. From the start there is no way Ichinotani can win against me, there is no way she can fill the difference with me in just one night, you underrated her like that and completely took it easy on her as your lower rank.”
Homura rebuked Sumika with a strong tone. —This stupid idiot girl. Like that.
“You should know far better than me just how much of effort Ichinotani had done until now. You should have seen it yourself until now. Then you, towards your teammate that worked that hard —ain’t you looking down on all that?”
Instantly, Chikori’s swung fist caught Sumika.
Thereupon Sumika’s body was blown away as if she was hit by a large truck, keeping that momentum she collided with the concrete wall of the training field, and rolled until off the grounds.

Part 4

{A human was just blown away through the concrete wall like a cannon there. Won't she die, that Hoshikawa?}
{No, it's the mock battle ring so she must be okay. Ah, but after that she crash into the wall so…}
{Rather for a human to smash apart a concrete wall, is this manga…}
The galleries that whispered to each other fearfully.
No one doubted Sumika's defeat. It was a sight that was just that gruesome.
However—
"Hee. Ain't that quite a skillful thing that you just did?"
Homura comprehended it.
He was properly looking.
The happening during that instant just now.
—The fact that Hoshikawa Sumika was still not finished yet.
And then that fact was,
{O, oi! Look at that!}
Sumika was returning back to the training field from the opened hole in the wall, from that everyone understood.
Sumika's body was by no means unwounded.
Her <Magi's Jacket> was frayed, sooty, trace of blow and scratch could be seen on her skin.
But even so the girl stood on her own two feet, walked, coming back on the ring.
Towards that figure of Sumika,
(……Amazing-)
Chikori felt a sensation that was close to fear.
Similar with Homura. She was also looking at Sumika.
Closer than anyone, she saw what Sumika did the instant her fist hit.
First, the instant Chikori's fist hit her, Sumika chantlessly deployed a magic barrier.
But, even deploying one or ten magic barrier, if it was Chikori's attack power then it would go through like penetrating thin paper.
In other words the magic barrier didn't have any meaning.
However, Sumika also understood that kind of thing.
That was why Sumika… fired explosion sorcery towards that magic barrier.

The result, the explosion was blocked by the barrier and got reflected. It impacted Sumika's own body and blew away the girl largely to the back.
Correct, Sumika poured explosion on herself to avoid the direct hit of Chikori's fist.
If she was hit directly, there was no doubt that the match would be decided right there.
Processing ability that deployed a barrier chantlessly.
Using that barrier and pouring explosive blast to herself, application ability that let her avoid a fatal blow.
Furthermore, weighing between the damage from Chikori's fist and the damage from crashing through a concrete wall. A thinking ability that handed down the appropriate judgment during an instant.
—Everything was far above the average.
(As expected, leader is amazing…!)
The superb finesse that couldn't be thought to come from a same sex in the same year with her, made even Chikori feel deeply moved.
But, she couldn't let herself to bask in that emotion forever.
After all for Sumika to be standing, meant that the battle was still going on.
Renewing her feeling, Chikori gripped her fist and adjusted her stance.
However the next moment—
"Chikori-san. …I'm sorry."
"Eh"
In contrast to Chikori, who retook her fighting stance, Sumika suddenly lowered her head deeply.

Part 5

“I was mistaken. You are not useless. What Homura-san said is correct.”
Inside the heart of the bowing Sumika, was full of deep regret and guilt.
—Ain’t you looking down on all that?
It was exactly as he said.
She was supposed to be the one watching the closest.
Just how much Chikori worked hard. How much she did her best.
Then, she had to be the one that should have understood Chikori’s strength.
Yet despite so, she made light of her.
Underestimating her, moreover she even went as far as calling her useless—
(-……!)
It felt like her heart was going to be torn apart by guilt.
“…I’m, disqualified as a leader……!”
Her defense just now was reflex as it were.
Because it was Sumika who had sharpened herself until she was called as a S-rank magician, that she could immediately take defensive action.
Sumika already didn’t have any more intention to continue the fight.
More than anyone, it was herself who deeply realized her own incompetence.
“That’s why this match is—”
“STOP THATTTTT!!!!”
But, Sumika’s words that were going to recognize her own loss—her incompetence, was blocked by the raised voice of none other than Chikori.
“Chikori, san……?”
“Don’t lower your head! There is no need for that at all! Because, I could become this strong is all thanks to leader-!”
“Thanks to me……?”
“That’s right! When everyone abandoned me saying that I’m useless, only leader stayed by my side until the end! You worried together with me— if leader wasn’t with me then… if I was really alone… I absolutely couldn’t do my best. That’s why, don’t lower your head or anything-! Because Sumika-chan is the best leader for me–!”
Sumika was taken aback.
Inside the eyes of Chikori who was looking straight at her, resided a light of respect that seemed overflowing.

“Besides the match is still not decided yet. Because leader is still not going at me seriously at all right?”
“……That’s”
Sumika hesitated to reply towards those words thrown at her.
Why?
Because the words that Chikori said was without a doubt fact.
Sumika had yet to completely show her power.
For what reason?
It was simple.
—The girl’s seriousness, was after all a power that was just too great to be directed at an ally even in a mock battle.
That was why Sumika didn’t use it. She hesitated to use it. But—
“Master said to me that he can make me even stronger than Leader in one night, but I think that kind of thing is impossible. Certainly, I have become more or less strong, but I cannot corner Leader at all. —That’s why, show that clearly to Master. That the friend that I respected, is far, faa—rr amazingly stronger than even Master thought!”
Chikori was looking for exactly that power.
That mighty power that was too irrational to be directed to a human, to a comrade.
Everything was for the sake of the honor of the close friend that she respected.
“Chikori-san……”
In this instant, Sumika realized for the first time.
Just how much she was relied on by Chikori. How much Chikori was proud of Sumika.
(…Certainly, I might be an incompetent leader.)
She couldn’t hide her immaturity anymore.
Surely with Homura acting the role as the leader of the 101st, the platoon could be utilized in a far more skillful manner.
However, even so—
If a trust to this degree was directed to her, she couldn’t just throw it away one-sidedly.
At the very least, the current leader of the 101st was her.
Then, it was her duty as leader to answer the trust that was directed to her from her subordinate with all her strength—
“It’s just as you said. Having someone else keep saying things about me, is vexing in the end.”
That was why Sumika resolved herself. —That she would show her power, right here!
“Then, I’ll unreservedly do it. Chikori-san!”
Instantly, Sumika used a sorcery and summoned a red binder to her left hand.
{Wa, oi oi oi! Is that girl Hoshikawa really serious!}
{Th, this is bad, that thing! She plans to use that on her classmate-!?}

{Everyone, run away right nowww! You all are going to get dragged into it—-!!}
The moment they were looking at that binder, the expression of the onlookers paled and they fell into panic.
They who scrambled for getting out of the training field understood.
That binder, was what caused Sumika to be called as a S-rank magician, the crystallization of her talent and power.
And then, of course it was also something Chikori understood, but—she didn’t run away.
On the contrary her lips lifted up as if she was just waiting exactly for this.
“Then, here I go! Leader–!!!!”
Facing Sumika who took out her trump card, she faced her without fear.

Part 6

Kicking the ground, Chikori ran towards Sumika, pushing through wind.
She wouldn't purposefully let herself lose.
The girl understood.
That if she didn't let out all her power here, she couldn't show Sumika's power to Homura.
For that reason, she dashed with all her strength.
She was faster than Sumika, in order to strike her attack at the target.
But—
(-!?)
Chikori noticed.
Even if she ran and ran, no matter how much she ran, her distance with Sumika was mysteriously not decreasing.
That was Sumika's sorcery.
Supplementary Chant ChannelReverse Spell. Performing chanting while doing normal conversation by mixing magical musical scales inside casual words, a magician's super high class technique. Behind a word or two that Sumika said before she took out the binder, she was laying out sorcery that distorted space. Her trump card. This was a trick so that she could buy time in order to prepare for that trump card.
"As expected……!"
"____"
On the other hand, Sumika inhaled a deep breath once, heightening her magic power.
Golden wind gushed out from her whole body.
Fanned by that wind that was filled with Sumika's magic power, the binder opened.
It was several hundreds of loose leaves, turned over and over with large scattered sound.
From among those papers, Sumika tore off several papers.
Torn off paper scraps.
It was the abominable descriptor of truth that by no means should be disclosed, brought back by a person named Laban Shrewsbury from the library of an alternate world.
[Celaeno Fragments] —the paper was the duplicate of it.

With that duplicate in hand, when Sumika closed her eyes —she put the words that connected her with the abyss of space in her mouth.

Look up now the really high place of blue sky
The seething stars shine brilliantly in blasphemy announcing the engraving of fate to thy
The walking person riding the wind o god of the great white silence
Break the eternal admonishment and stand up tear up the sky and come here
Every stick and stone altogether for the sake of mowing down with thy power

Together with those words, the scrap papers in Sumika's hand were wrapped in flame, transforming their shape.
From paper—into a single [silver bullet].
The girl agilely loaded it into the revolver, and directed the gun muzzle at the running near Chikori.
That was, authentically, the style of the serious Hoshikawa Sumika.
Five years ago—the hero that saved her, and also the life of all the people in this world.
<Evil God User> Kamishiro Homura. Idolizing him, she wished to become like him, and she reached this single culmination.
The name was—<Demon Book Assassin BulletGrim Bullet>.
Turning a duplicate of the grimoire that recorded the descriptor of evil god into a bullet, the power of god that until now only Homura could handle could be shot. It was only in a restrictive shape but she showed that she could exercise the power, the original grand sorcery of Hoshikawa Sumika that made her be called as a S-rank magician.
And then the name of evil god the (Great Old One) that was written in the [Celaeno Fragments] was—

"Ruin madly. —<God of Angered Storm> Ithaqua!!!!"

Announcing the true name of evil god hidden in the abyss of space, the trigger of the magic bullet was pulled.
The firing hammer struck the detonator, what burst out from the gun muzzle was—a freezing storm.
Mowing down house, blowing away forest, even the topography could be changed, the power of the storm god.
That power was compressed until the limit, taking the shape of a large eagle, it was shot aiming at Chikori.
The atmosphere touched by the silver eagle was frozen absolutely, every little bit of it, blasting everything like a storm striking.

It rode through the air while scattering apart diamond dusts generated from that.
Cold and storm. Chikori, who now had the position reversed in front of such overwhelming destructive power was—
“-!”
Chikori collected all her remaining magic power in her right fist.
What was born was a fist of light, as if white lightning was conceived in it.
Against that highly dense magic power, the surrounding space was distorted like a heat haze.
Her fist right now was exactly, truly, carrying the power that could break even the earth’s crust.
The power to break even a star.
But even possessing such power—it couldn’t break this power of god.
No matter what she understood that completely.
It was like throwing a pebble at a truck that was rushing at you.
Ithaqua’s presence was just that overwhelming.
After all, just by the silver eagle showing its figure, the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere was lowered until below the freezing point in one go.
If she threw her body at this mass of cold then there would be nothing at all that she could do.
Her current self couldn’t deal against this no matter how.
She lost.
No matter how she struggled she would lose.
But—for that reason, Chikori was proud.
The girt that she idolized, was possessing a power that was far out of reach from her current self.
(Master, you see!? This is the <Magic Bullet> Hoshikawa Sumika!)
Along with a great joy, Chikori swung her fist of light and met the approaching Ithaqua’s manifestation.
Her defeat was already decisive.
But even so, right now she couldn’t stop exhausting all her power for the sake of her benefactor.
From her ankle to her waist, from her waist to her shoulder, from her shoulder to her wrist.
Her rotation with her whole body operating together put a marvelous piercing power into her fist.
That single strike with all her heart that one couldn’t complain at all—
“This is as far as it goes.”

Instantly, Homura who cut in between Ithaqua and Chikori, easily blocked her fist with his left hand.
So easily like catching the ball in catch-ball.
“……eh,”

Chikori raised a surprised voice.
However Homura's action didn't stop with just that.
Blocking the fist that could even break a star with his one left hand, Homura's remaining right hand was opened in front of the approaching silver eagle,
"Vanish."
One word. Announcing a word of compressed chant, using dimension element fifth grade(supreme level) sorcery□Space-Time Crushing, that was said was unusable except by the S-rank magician of Britain, the silver eagle together with the space was crushed in Homura's grip.

- gushari*, along with an unpleasant sound, the crushed Ithaqua's manifestation dispersed into air.

Scattered feathers from the flying eagle fell onto the ground gently, freezing the floor slightly.
"Wha……"
Sumika leaked out a taken aback voice from that sight.
Certainly, the other party was the <Evil God User>. The hero that saved the world.
Undoubtedly, he was the most excellent magician in human history.
However, at the time he was expelled from human society, he received a measure from the <United World Government> that was <Great SealAureole>.
It was the chain that suppressed his power that could possibly ruin the world by his lonesome.
The dragon vein that existed in this planet, the magic power of the earth itself had 70% of it used to power this sealing sorcery.
It was said that while this seal was working, although he was the <Evil God User> but he was unable to use his power except just ten percent of it.
Yet despite so—
(Just with his ten percent, the difference between us is still this much…-)
What Sumika summoned was unmistakably an avatar of god. The manifestation of that power.
Yet that power, was so easily crushed like that…
"……"
In this moment, Sumika clearly comprehended it.
Yesterday, the words that Homura said—
{From the point of view of an <Evil God User>(me), things like the classification of <Heroic Spirit User>(you) is just like comparing the heights of acorn.}
Now she understood that it was exactly just like he said.
Those words were not disdain or provocation at all.
Homura was just saying the truth without any varnishing from his mouth.
After all even with ninety percent of his power sealed, he could still use sorcery that couldn't be used except by S-rank.

In front of him, whether it was a S-rank or an E-rank, there was not that much difference even compared to an acorn.
(……Everything was equally of little importance.)
It was an absurd difference of strength that one couldn’t even feel frustrated already about it.
Witnessing that, Sumika lowered her gaze as if hanging her head down,
“Hoshikawa Sumika. This match is my loss.”
She heard those words of Homura.

Part 7

“……eh?”
Sumika’s expression was taken aback from the sudden words.
In contrast with that girl, Homura straightforwardly looked at Sumika’s eyes and announced one more time.
“What are you surprised about. I’m sayin’ that I’m giving up the game here.”
He abdicated this match. That was his will.
“Why, is that…”
“What do you need me to say eh. …I never thought that there will be someone other than me that is able to summon evil god (Great Old One), although it was only a portion of it, and even properly control it. I heard that you are an excellent magician, but I never imagined that it will be this much. Just now I clearly understood. It’s still impossible for Ichinotani to defeat you. It’s my loss. My bad for sayin’ whatever I like about you. Sorry.”
Homura acknowledged his own mistake and lowered his head.
That act made apparent that this battle was over.
“……Master. I’m sorry.”
Chikori apologized guiltily toward Homura who was lowering his head to Sumika.
“What are you sayin’ sorry for?”
“Because… even though Master thought that I could win against Sumika-san and made me strong …I betrayed that expectation like this.”
What Chikori was talking about was not about the match.
It was about her heart’s readiness.
Homura’s words that said Chikori could win against Sumika, Chikori herself didn’t believe it at all.
She didn’t doubt that Sumika was far stronger than herself.
She didn’t intend to be ashamed or withdrew that thinking of hers, but she felt that such thinking was a betrayal towards Homura who bet on her victory.
That was why Chikori lowered her head deeply towards Homura. But,
“There ain’t anything you have to apologize for. Ain’t Ichinotani used up all your strength already till the end?”
That’s right. Homura surely had seen it.

If Chikori went easy and gave the victory to Sumika, that was a betrayal, but she didn't do anything like that.
Rather until the end she gave her all without sparing anything.
That action, even after Chikori had understood that she was defeated—was none other than for Sumika's sake.
Homura saw everything. That was why he understood everything.
Therefore he smiled faintly,
"Aren't you a fine woman."
He brushed gently the chestnut colored hair of Chikori and rewarded this kind girl.
"Fuau……"
Chikori was tickled and shut her eyes from that.
And then after Homura brushed her head twice, three times, he once again turned to Sumika,
"Hoshikawa Sumika. As promised, I'll leave the leadership of the 101st to you. You got no complain of that right?"
Like that, he fulfilled the promise that he should fulfill.
"Eh, ah, …yes."
Sumika's reply was somehow awkward.
Surely her feelings were still unable to catch up in regards to this sudden conclusion.
Homura smiled a little towards such girl,
"I too don't have any complaint toward someone this competent. I'm going to work properly as your subordinate so …well just give me any order you like."
Saying that, Homura got down from the ring.
And then he calmly walked between the escaping onlookers, and left the training field alone.
Staring at that leaving back, …Sumika thought.
The doubt covering her heart was stronger than the happiness of having Homura recognizing herself—
(…Something, is strange.)
There was something, that she couldn't comprehend.
In the end, …could this possibly be anticipated?
A magician of that level, a master of that degree, mistaking one's own power like that.
Could such a thing possibly happen?
No, not only that.
From the words that he said in the end, she couldn't feel even a little bit of attachment from him towards the position of leader.
While telling her to do it.
While raising even the object of the bet.
As if—
(As if from the start, he planned for this to end like this……)
"……–!"

The moment that hunch brushed inside her head, Sumika started running.

Part 8

“You really performed a stinking drama just now. It made my nose curl up.”
After leaving from the training field, those words were thrown at the back of Homura who had returned until in front of the door of the dormitory room that was allocated to him.
When he turned back, there was the figure of Shiori who was glaring at Homura with an amazed gaze.
“Since when were you there?”
“From the training field. …It looks like you are bad at [searching] as usual.”
“It can’t be helped right, your magic power is just too tiny.”
It was the same like how a human couldn’t sense the mass of a water flea.
For Homura, a normal magician’s magic power was too small, to be frank he couldn’t sense them at all. To the level that he could finally sense it a little if it was a demon of the <Demon King rank>.
Therefore talking about [searching], he was below even an amateur.
“But, not just [searching], you also have no talent in [acting] don’t you?”
“What are you talking about?”
“Don’t play dumb. You, from the start you planned everything to end like this right?”
The topic that Shiori raised was the story about the mock battle just now.
The girl said.
“Chikori-san recovered her original strength and became strong.
Hoshikawa-san became able to order you who is of higher rank without hesitation. No one related to this trouble is getting hurt. Just one —except you, who is hated by Hoshikawa-san who bought your villain act.”
“……”
“Five years have passed, I thought that you had changed a little but nothing has changed. You are always like that. Always trying to take all the harm by yourself. Your personality that is like that, whether now or in the past, I really hate it.”
A word of disgust that was vented at him clearly.
On the other hand, Homura—shrugged his shoulders and smiled.
“You’re just thinking too much, that.”
“I wonder.”
“It’s true you know. It’s not like I did this for those two’s sake. I’m just… cannot leave that alone, that’s all.”

“Cannot leave alone?”
“After all there is also a team that no matter how much you wish, you cannot return back to before for a second time anymore.”
“……!”
In a small voice, Homura murmured those words with voice that seemed sorrowful somehow.
Those words, awoke a scene in the back of Shiori’s head.
The figure of a young Homura, laughing happily surrounded by comrades.
It was a memory of the long time past.
It was a scene when Shiori was saved from a certain hell and taken care of by Homura.
That’s right. He also had them.
Different from Sumika and the others. Not companions that he only protected or guided.
Trusting each other, entrusting to each other, true comrades.
However now—
“Ah-“
Suddenly, the sound of a closed door reached her ears, Shiori came to herself from her memory back to reality with a ‘hah’ face of realization.
When she looked, Homura’s figure had already disappeared inside the room.
“…Ii—diot.”
(I’m saying here, that I hate you that is like that.)
Abusing the man at the other side of the door with a voice that was colored with sweetness somewhere, Shiori also left that place.
But at that time, from the end of the corridor, a human figure walking at her direction entered her eyes.
It was, a blond girl wearing a dazzling crimson dress.
Her stature was even smaller than the petite Ichinotani.
And then, she possessed a mysterious beauty that was somehow removed from humans.
Coupled with her attire, it was as if she was more like a bisque doll rather than calling her a human.
Looking at that girl, the legs of Shiori that was going to leave stopped.
“Vel……”
However before Shiori could make any kind of word, that girl passed through besides Shiori without even glancing at her, and just like that she opened the door of Homura’s dormitory room, entering inside it.
The door closed once again.
For a while, Shiori was staring at that door with a gaze that was shadowed somewhat, but—
Before long she left that place without saying anything.

Part 9

Shiori had left, the girl in a dress and Homura had also entered into the room.
There was no one anymore at the corridor… was how it should be.
—But, at the opposite direction from where the girl in a dress came.
At the corner at the end of the corridor, just one, there was a person still remaining.
That was—, Hoshikawa Sumika that came here chasing Homura.
The girl leaned her back at the wall of the corner …just like that she draggingly slid down, at the end she sat down on that spot with a plop.
—Her figure couldn’t be seen.
But, even with her at the end of the corridor, the voice was still audible there.

{I just cannot leave that alone.}

The voice that showed Homura’s true intention.
As expected her hunch was correct.
There was that too. A magician of Homura’s level, there was no way he could have mistaken one’s own capacity.
From the start Homura had understood everything.
On top of that he arranged everything so that she and Chikori could obtain the best result.
Without telling anything to the two of them, for the sake of the two of them.
“……Homura, san.”
With a small voice, his name leaked out.
There was no particular meaning in that, it was a whisper that came out reflexively.
But, it became a trigger inside the girl.
The instant that name passed her mouth, undoubtedly that echo deeply inside Sumika—
Sumika realized the thing that was falling until a really really deep place.
“~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~—“
Her heart began to throb violently like an idiot.
Her head was hot as if she was just coming out from a bath.
Sumika sat still, she pushed her forehead to her knee, a leaked out scream without voice.

- bata bata* Without any meaning she clattered her legs.

Already, she didn’t feel like she could look at Homura’s face directly anymore.

Chapter 3

Part 1

Ten days had passed since Homura enrolled into New Tokyo Sorcery Academy.
At first the students were scared of Homura's existence, but because Homura himself didn't especially show any intentions of getting entangled with the students, they had considerably calmed down.
As expected they showed cautiousness when Homura's figure was visible to them, but people who were scared of him even when his figure couldn't be seen anymore were already few.
On the afternoon of the day where even the nervousness came apart in that situation.
Class 3-A, where Homura and the other members of the 101st platoon belonged to, was taking a class of sorcery in the courtyard where green lawn was spread all over.
"Are you guys listening? Among the demons, there are varieties that move around in the air extremely agilely.
In that kind of situation it will be hard to hit with a sword attack and a gun attack.
What will be useful in that situation is no element first grade sorcery「Magic Light Bullet」Photon Bullet.
Just as you guys know, Photon Bullet turns your own magic power into an energy bullet to shoot. It's the basic of basics that a magician first learns.
Naturally, everyone here can all use it without exception right? But just shooting a Photon Bullet like that, won't be able to catch an agile enemy just like I said before."
While explaining, the instructor, that was in the prime of his life, used sorcery to summon a big black machine like a basketball in his right hand.

It was called target, a magic instrument that performed a role just like its name said.
When the instructor poured his magic power into it, the target was activated.
It let out faint wings from its sides and soared to the air until really high, before it moved around fiercely like a winged insect.
And then, the instructor fired three shots of magic power energy the size of softballs to that moving target.

- kyun* Raising sharp wind voice, the three rapid shot headed straight to the target to pierce it.

But, the speed of the bullet was fast, yet it was only to the level that a human could normally watch by eye.
It was far slower compared to a gunshot.
The target naturally avoided it nimbly, the light bullet was absorbed into air.
Ascertaining that, the instructor continued.
“Even demons have intelligence. Even if you shot them just straightforwardly like this, it will only end in them reading the trajectory and evading. Then what should you do? The answer is simple.”
The instructor once again formed three light bullets of softball size around him.
And then, similar with before he shot three rapid-fire aiming at the target in the sky.
The light bullet from before flew straight forward. But, this time it was different.
The light bullets wriggled like a snake in the air drawing complicated trajectories, approaching the target.
They moved around left and right while holding back the target.
The target moved about in confusion as if being lost of where it should escape from the movement of the bullets, in the end after the target flew to the right evading the first bullet, it was aimed and hit by the remaining two light bullets and got scattered in the sky.
“Got it? You just need to chase if the opponent runs. Because Photon Bullet is a simple sorcery, it’s a convenient sorcery that can be controlled finely like this. No matter how much able you are in handling fourth grade or fifth grade grand magic, magicians that cannot skillfully handle this basic sorcery will die soon on the battlefield. That’s why if you treasure your life, get better in using this Photon Bullet competently as the first thing. If you can do [five shot simultaneous manipulation] this magic will become something usable enough even on the battlefield.”
“Yo, you are telling us to calculate the trajectory of five tracking bullets alone!?”
“If you become top class then this is a sorcery where you can simultaneously control ten shots. It’s not something particularly difficult. But, I’m not going to tell you guys to suddenly control five shots at the same

time, so don’t worry. First you start from three shots. If it’s just three then even you guys can do it. After all, the academy put together this curriculum so you can do it.”
Saying that, the instructor lifted up the cane-type <Arms> he held in his hand to the sky.
Thereupon the sorcery core embedded at the center of the cane shone, automatically activating the sorcery that was registered as the class’ use.
In front of every single students that received this class, similar targets like before were summoned.
“Those targets are all set on a movement level that can be shot down if you can [properly control three Photon Bullets simultaneously]. First your assignment is to shoot down this target. Those who can do it can go home for today. Those who cannot will stay behind until they can. Understand?”
“ “ “Yee~ss……” “ “
The students returned back a reply that wasn’t filled with any enthusiasm at all towards the given assignment.
No, there were also people who properly replied, though the majority was languid so their reply was completely drowned.
There were a lot of foreigners that lost their birthplace taking refuge in Tokyo life sphere, so the races of the students were also in great variety, but the lowness of their motivation was generally shared.
But, there was one person with motivation that was even lower than them who were like that, he was sitting cross-legged at the last row.
It didn’t need to be said who it was. The <Evil God User>, Kamishiro Homura.

Part 2

“Fua…”
While the students began to start their assignment with each of the targets activated, Homura was yawning in boredom.
Well, it was only reasonable.
After all Homura who was the <Evil God User> had learned all the currently existing 666 sorcery and 333 forbidden art, and then even the non-exist 1 mystery, the master of a thousand sorceries.
Receiving this kind of class at this late hour had no meaning at all.
On the other hand, if he was asked whether there was anything else that he needed to do, there was also nothing like that.
That was why Homura didn’t particularly do anything, he was just blankly observing the class situation of the students.
After all they were comrades that he might have to fight together with when there is an emergency occurring.
It was important to grasp the battle power beforehand.
And then, after a while what he felt was,
(Their quality is comparatively good huh.)
In reverse with the non-existence motivation of the students, most of the students immediately cleared their assignment.
The standard of their quality was considerably higher than he imagined.
Just as the instructor said, the curriculum was properly arranged by taking into consideration the low motivation of the forcefully gathered students.
Homura guessed that it was an achievement of this academy.
Like this if they formed a platoon then he guessed they could deal with something like <Soldier class> with some leeway left.
(Well, at minimum, they won’t be a hindrance, perhaps.)
The students who cleared their assignment left the courtyard one after another while making lighthearted talk with each other.
But, as expected, no matter where it was there would always be people with bad grade—
“Waa-, wait wait~-“
“Uoo-! Oi what are you doing!”
“I, I’m sorry~-“

One person, there was a bespectacled female student getting too desperate at chasing the flying around target in the sky, she crashed around at the surrounding students.
Homura knew her face.
Koga Ayumi. His classmate in 3-A.
She belonged to the 27th platoon.
She was not particularly a standing out student, but her motivation was fairly high that he had memory of her.
If he remembered right before this, she took a memo of the instructor's talk while listening seriously.
But how sad. Seriousness and the real ability wouldn't be necessarily in proportion of each other—
"Aaa, auu"
Ayumi was manipulated by the target.
Since some time ago she was already shooting several dozen shots of Photon Bullet, but she was toyed by the target's movement that moved around to the left and right and couldn't even graze it.
On the contrary, when she was chasing with her gaze the target that was swiveling round and round as if ridiculing her,
"My eyes, my eyes is turninggg~"
Dizzily, her eyes ended rolling around.
Her unsteady gait was staggering, she looked like she was going to fall even now.
(…What a sight, I guess this is what people called a sight that one cannot bear to see.)
Homura sighed while standing up. And then he approached Ayumi,
"Looks like you are having fun by yourself huh. Koga."
Just like that he supported from behind the slim shoulder of the girl who almost fell behind on her butt.
"Eh, tha, thank you very…—hii-!"
The moment she was going to say thanks for the support and turned her neck behind, Ayumi's expression froze.
That was because the one who supported her, was the man that was a pawn of evil gods—or so the rumor said.
The big eyes behind the glasses opened so wide it couldn't possibly become any wider, the slim shoulders were trembling clatteringly in fear.
(Well, this is the normal reaction.)
It was just the girls of the 101st that were too understanding. The emotion the majority of humans harbored towards the <Evil God User> was fear.
It could be said to be reasonable. No matter how he had saved the world, the power of <Evil God> that he used at that time was something that was excessively ominous after all.
That power's ominousness was no different at all with demons.
It was only natural to fear. It was inevitable to cower. Even Homura wouldn't blame anyone for that after all this time.

However, he didn’t plan to turn back without doing anything after already thinking that he couldn’t bear to look and calling out like this.
“Next, try to do it after taking off your glasses.”
“Eh? Err…”
“It’s fine already so just try it.”
Saying that, Homura took away the glasses from the scared Ayumi who didn’t understand why she was catching the eye of the <Evil God User>.
“Aaa-“
“Uoo, this glasses’ minus is severe eh.”
“My, my eyes, are really bad, so, that’s why… That’s why, that, return it, please-. If I don’t have that, it’s hard to see the target.”
Ayumi raised a protesting voice with all her might using her cramped throat.
But, Homura put the glasses he took on himself, putting it at a place where the girl couldn’t reach, without answering her demand he said it one more time.
“It’s just right if you cannot see well. Think that you got tricked and just try aiming without glasses.”
“……uu, ye, yes.”
Against Homura who didn’t hand over the glasses until the end, even though Ayumi was making a slightly reproachful expression, but she realized that there was no way she could talk him down.
Reluctantly, she looked up to the sky with her blurred eyesight, and faintly caught sight of the black shadow floating in the vaguely cloudy blue sky.
But, it was fine that she could get sight of it, yet she couldn’t properly see it.
What she could see was just a blurred black, she didn’t understand the detail of the movement.
Because she didn’t understand the movement, where it was going to, she also couldn’t chase it with her eyes.
(Like this, there is no way I can hit it you knowww)
However, Homura didn’t seem like he would return the glasses until she tried once.
That was why Ayumi gave up chasing with her eyes, for the time being she would just make sure she didn’t lose sight of the shadow.
She didn’t focus her eyes, widened her field of vision, for the time being she would at least settle the target in her field of vision.
After all that was the limit of what she could do with this blurred field of vision.
But, mysteriously—
“E, eh?”
Ayumi noticed.
Doing it this way, she could see the target’s movement well.
And then that realization was correct.
If asked why, that was because the Photon Bullet that Ayumi fired next easily shot down the target as if her hard fight before was just a lie.

“Li, lies… why…!”
Unable to believe what she had just done, Ayumi was dumbfounded.
Towards that girl, Homura returned the glasses he stole while saying.
“Even though Koga’s sight is bad but your kinetic vision looks quite good. But because of that you chased the target too much with your eyes. The trick to hit target with quick move using guided missile, is not to chase the target’s movement, but to have a wide field of vision and settle the target inside your sight. And then, matching the target’s movement it’s not you that move, but you create the image of the target’s movement to calculate the Photon Bullet’s trajectory. If you do that you don’t even need to move your eyes, the whole body is visible so the manipulation of the guided bullet also becomes easier.”
You got that?
When Homura asked that, Ayumu nodded even while showing her confusion.
“Eh, ah, yes-“
“Good child. —Well, actually, it’s inefficient at the point you are using something like guided bullets.”
“Eh?”
Homura leaked out a murmur with a small voice.
Ayumi didn’t understand his meaning and tilted her head,
“Hee. Somehow I’m surprised. For that infamous traitor, <Evil God User> to be this kind.”
Suddenly, at that moment, a bright voice of a girl came from behind.
When Homura turned back, there two female students were in the middle of walking here.
A short haired girl that looked lively with strongly bright eyes, and a tall and good postured girl.
Homura compared the two’s faces with his memory of the class register.
The short haired one was Anna Dronin. The tall one was Rosalind Wagner.
Each of them could boast of steadfast popularity, Anna with the boys from her lovely appearance that was popular with men, and Rosalind with the girls from her neutral and dignified look that was like Takaratsuka actress, they were the central characters of 3-A.
And then the both of them were also in the same 27th platoon like Ayumi as members.
“Ah, Anna-chan! Rosalind-chan!”
“Yee—s Koga-cchi. When your glasses was taken away suddenly, I thought that surely this is bullying, but it looks like it’s nothing like that.” [5]
“Ri, right.”
“There is no way a sexy guy like this is gonna do something mean to a woman you know.”
When Homura exaggeratedly shrugged his shoulder, Anna laughed pleasantly.
“Ahaha. Is that something you should say yourself~?”

“Well, that’s how it is, it’s a misunderstanding that I’m bullying her. If you get it then can you pull back your killing intent?”
With a glance Homura directed his sight at Rosalind who was standing beside Anna without saying anything.
Thereupon, Rosalind’s eyes turned round in surprise.
“…You noticed?”
“You really think I’m not gonna notice?”
Homura made a cynical smile while replying so.
Just as he said, since a while ago Rosalind—, saying it accurately since the moment Homura approached Ayumi, she had already prepared to assault Homura immediately if he tried to do something.
It seemed the person herself intended to completely cover her killing intent, but Homura properly noticed it. It was just that she was an opponent that he could handle even if she assaulted him without even moving a fingertip of his body, so he didn’t get cautious at all.
“…Sorry to misunderstand.”
Rosalind whose killing intent was exposed apologized to Homura with a slightly awkward expression for her groundless suspicion.
But Homura shook his head left and right towards that apology.
“It’s not like you need to apologize.”
Rather Homura was in admiration.
Against the <Evil God User> that had unceasing terrifying rumors about him, she had the spirit to prepare to draw her blade against such an opponent for her friend’s sake.
She was still immature, but she was quite a gutsy girl.
“Seems like Koga has good comrades.”

- Fuh* after taking a glance at Ayumi and saying that, Homura turned on his heel.

Since the girl had cleared her assignment, he had no more reason to care about Ayumu.
Thereupon, towards that back,
“Ah-! Err! Thank you very much-!”
That voice was not the small voice like a mosquito’s noise until now, with a clear loud voice, Ayumu gave her word of gratitude to Homura.
As for Homura, he answered shortly “Ou” to show he received that gratitude.
“<Evil God User>-san. After this we have patrol duty together at the border so today is no good, but if it’s okay with you can you go for some meal together with us next time? My interest in you is a little picked up.”
“Well, if I feel like it at that time.”
After vaguely setting aside Anna’s invitation next, Homura left that place.

Part 3

When Homura returned until the spot where he was at before,
“Ah, Master! This way, this way!”
Chikori was hopping in place *pyon pyon* like a dog that had no calmness while waiting for him.
“What is it Chikori?”
“It’s fine, just look at this!”
Saying that, Chikori picked up Homura’s target that he had left alone on the lawn, there she put her magic power into it and activated the target.
And then when she let it go into the air, she formed a Photon Bullet the size of a softball on her chest.
Until that point there was really no difference with the other students.
But after that Chikori did something different.
The girl pulled out the Photon Bullet’s floating power and it fell down naturally from her chest.
And then when the ball fell until her knee,
“Shoot!”
She swung her well-trained leg, and kicked the light bullet with all her strength.
She did that with her leg strength raised due to her Hero Skill <Peerless Herculean Strength>.
The kick with overwhelming impact power became the driving force of the light bullet just like that.
That speed, that was like supersonic speed surpassing even the speed of a rifle bullet, pierced the target with speed that even its evasion movement couldn’t match, bursting and scattering the target apart.
“Nfuu—”
Nodding at that result satisfiedly, Chikori rushed to Homura’s direction with pitter-patter step, and just like that she hugged at his arm.
“It’s awesome right! Now I’ve become able to use this technique Master taught me-!”
Honestly, Chikori had nothing to be criticized anymore in the attack power department.
But it was artless to have her just swinging her arms around, so as the person that took the role as her teacher, Homura taught Chikori several techniques that combined her extraordinary physical ability and sorcery.

What Chikori had displayed to him just now was also one of the techniques Homura taught her as a long range cannon.
And then, regarding sorcery that was mixed with [body technique] like this, Chikori possessed an extremely good memory for it.
It was not only because of her physical ability due to <Peerless Herculean Strength>. Surely from the beginning Chikori had a good physical reflex.
And then, each time she showed that she had learned one thing, Chikori came to Homura looking for that as her reward.

Coming for a reward, and then… she stared fixedly at him *jii—* begging.

Pet me. Pet me. Like that.
Seemed like because Homura petted her head after her battle with Sumika, it had completely become a habit.
Well, today was a practice for homing bullet, so no matter how one thought about it she failed in her assignment but—
“Aah, that’s amazing. As expected from my disciple.”
Violently throwing away his guiding role as a teacher, Homura petted Chikori’s head roughly.
“Kuu~n♪”
She might be feeling good or happy, Chikori pleasantly cooed from her nose.
Each time he petted her, her small ponytail moved actively like a dog’s tail.
Since the case of that duel, Chikori had completely become emotionally attached to Homura.
He had a feeling like she was clinging too much to him, but Chikori herself didn’t seem to pay it any mind so Homura too didn’t particularly worry about it.
After all being adored this much didn’t feel bad for Homura too.
…But, there was a person who harbored dissatisfaction towards those two that were close like that.
It was—Sumika.

Part 4

The girl stared at the two's frolicking from a distance while making a small sigh.
Dissatisfaction, was it…
"How nice, Chikori-san."
It was envious. How Chikori could come in contact with Homura that close.
She too wanted to come into contact with Homura in a distance that close.
However,
"Nn? What's wrong Hoshikawa? You keep staring this way since before, you got any business?"
"Ah, n, no! I'm not looking or anything-! It's just your feeling!"
In a huff Sumika immediately averted her gaze from Homura.
…In regards to this, it always turned out like this.
She couldn't look Homura in the eyes.
Her cheeks heated up when he was looking at her and she became unable to calm down no matter what she did.
And then, she didn't want herself to be seen like that and completely looked away.
Yet, when he didn't look in her direction, she would then stare at him for a long time, she was seriously ill.
"Haa…"
The times when Sumika sighed like this had increased a lot, sighing deeply for who knows how many times already, she thought.
(As I thought, this feeling is… love, I wonder.)
After checking information in books and other sources about this symptom, then diagnosing it objectively, the result was positive.
However, there was also aspects that didn't ring true.
She idolized Homura, but the time she was together with him hadn't been that long.
In that short time, was it possible for her to like the opposite sex as the opposite sex she wondered?
Sumika until now had received confessions several times because of her great looks, but she had never fallen in love with someone else for herself.
Naturally, she had also never gone out with an opposite sex as a lover.
That was why, this feeling that scorched her chest, was it adoration, or was it really love—

No matter what she couldn’t come to a conclusion about that.
But—there was a feeling in her that could apply whether it was adoration or love. It was,
(I want, to become closer to him.)
Her feeling that wanted to be close to Homura.
Sumika thought.
What should she do to shrink their distance even closer.
At this kind of time it was better to start a conversation with some common topic, but
(…If talking about a topic that is common between me and Homura-san, as I thought should I talk about the evil god thing?)
{Homura-san. How about we have a discussion about why the people of Hyperborea perished!}
(……I’ll get rejected.)
This way was a dead-end.
It was too lacking in sex-appeal.
Then should she try to ask if he remembered her from before?
—However, if he didn’t remember even for a bit, it would be quite sad.
Looking from how Homura usually was, that possibility seemed to be high, that it made Sumika nervous.
(Looking at Chikori-san, Homura-san, does he like dogs I wonder?)
If she tried to approach him innocently like that, would she be able to get close to him unexpectedly easy?
“Wa, wan-“
“If it’s Sumika-san I think it will be cuter to mimic a cat instead.”
“Kyaa—!!!!”
Suddenly having that whispered into her ear, Sumika jumped on the spot.
The owner of the voice that was behind her without her noticing they were,
“Shiori-san…! Yo, you heard that!?”
“I don’t really hear anything.”
“I, I’m glad.”
“’How nice, Chikori-san’, I only heard from around that part.”
“Doesn’t that mean that you have already heard almost everything then—!”
“You, do you like someone like that?”
“Fukyuu—”
Sumika’s breathing stopped from suddenly getting a pin-point hit like that.
“N, no, I, I don’t like him or anything… —I, it’s something like idolizing or, eerrr”
She herself didn’t understand well about it, so Sumika’s words were ambiguous.
Shiori talked to such a Sumika.
“I love him you know?”
“Eh-“
“Though I hate him almost as much.”
“……Yes?”

That was… in short which one was it?
Sumika was perplexed by the strange roundabout talk.
Shiori made a smile that had a hidden meaning to Sumika who was like that.
“Well, before long you too will understand. If you are beside that man, you will come to understand even if you dislike it.”
Leaving behind the confused Sumika, Shiori left the courtyard alone.
(…I wonder what that was just now?)
Shiori was her teammate, but she had almost never talked with her.
Shiori had never tried to interact with other people, whether in the team or class. From Sumika’s position too, she didn’t have any reason to especially get involved with Shiori as long as Shiori fulfilled her minimum work as the 101st’s <Operator> without any shortcomings.
Just now was the first time Sumika had a conversation with Shiori outside of a briefing.
(Well, it’s just that I don’t understand too much of what kind of person Shiori-san is though.)
—But, there was one thing she knew.
From the conversation on the day of that mock battle, she had thought about it somewhat, but there was already no doubt.
Shiori and Homura had a relationship that she didn’t know about.
She guessed that most likely they were old acquaintances.
She didn’t understand what kind of relationship that was but… however,
(……For some reason, it feels like I’m the only one who got a late start…)
When she looked at Homura’s figure that was frolicking with Chikori from afar once more, her feelings became bleak.
If she knew that it would become like this, she would have learned more about [fun things] in the past.
If only she did that, she might of been able to invite Homura to have fun more carefree, like what Anna did just now.
But, even so, regretting things at this late hour wouldn’t result in anything.
(Get a hold of yourself, Hoshikawa Sumika-! The person that you have aspired for all this time is now this close beside you! When else are you going to do your best if not now!)
Sumika *pan* lightly slapped her cheeks and encouraged herself.
She couldn’t be the only one to get a late start.
This was the place where she had to do her best.
However even if she tried to talk to him she didn’t have a topic. Thus, she should emulate the classics here, that was the conclusion Sumika reached.
It was that, the collision at the street corner when you were going to school.
If it was that then even without a common topic to talk about she would be able to come into contact with him.
Walking closer to Homura nonchalantly, she would purposefully slip and leap into Homura’s chest.
(Right! Surely I can do it with this!)

As expected humans should rely on their predecessors in a troubled time.
What should she do to approach Homura? Until now she didn't have any ideas, but for the first time something like a concrete idea flashed inside her mind and Sumika made a small guts pose from its feedback.
And then, Sumika immediately moved that concrete idea into action.
One had to immediately act decisively when getting a concrete idea that could resolve the problem.
This great resolution and ability to take action of hers, was just as expected from the hard worker that became a young S-rank magician.
However how sad—
"…~♪"
The action of Sumika who was facing aside and whistling while nonchalantly walking towards Homura was,
(Uwa… someone really suspicious is coming closer.)
Making Homura be on his guard fully.
In regards to this, it was not only limited to this time, but Homura had noticed that since the mock battle, all this time Sumika had been sending gazes to him at every opportunity.
That was why, Sumika's action that was approaching him while openly pretending to be nonchalant looked especially eerie.
Well, even without that a human that walked at you with her left hand and left foot moving forward at the same time was eerie already.
(…What is this Sumika girl planning?)
By any chance was she still holding a grudge from him calling her [useless]?
Homura raised his wariness a little from Sumika's action that he couldn't comprehend at all.
But, when Sumika had walked until around one meter from Homura,
"Ah-"
Sumika's body tilted to the front.
She was walking while looking to the side, so she stumbled on the stone under her feet—that was how it seemed.
Although Homura didn't know anything about that, so he immediately opened his arms and prepared to catch her in his embrace,
"~~~~~~~~~~~~-!"
(Ju, just as I thought this is impossible-!)
However at the critical time when she almost fell into the embrace.
The extreme embarrassment made Sumika thrust her leg with all her strength forward and she planted her foot on the ground firmly.
"I, I'm okay! I almost fell but, just barely, I'm fine! Ahaha-!"
And then she declared that with her face reddening.
"O, oh. That's good. Next time look forward when your walk okay?"
"Ye, yes-! I, it's dangerous, if I fell isn't it! The, then sayonara!"
Saying that Sumika ran away like a startled rabbit.
Her expression was half-crying from embarrassment and patheticness.
Sumika herself didn't think that she would be this gutless.

In the end, the girl’s action ended in vain.
—But, it didn’t mean that it was completely meaningless.
Her series of action, and her momentary expression. Homura guessed Sumika’s broad mental state from that information.
Namely, the feeling of like that Sumika had for him.
(…I don’t have any recollection of doing anything that would make her like me though.)
Even searching his memory, he remembered nothing except things that should make her hate him.
But, Homura felt like that perhaps there was no mistake that Sumika was holding feelings for him.
In regards to that, Homura sighed a little heavily.
(I don’t really want her closing this distance though…)
He was an existence that couldn’t stay in human society anyway.
The real reason why he was called here.
After making clear of that reason and fulfilling it, sooner or later he would be gone from here.
Even if he had faint love directed at him, he had no way to answer it.
…But if it was just something like Chikori, who idolized him innocently, then Homura was grateful for that.
(What should I do eh.)
Thereupon, at that time.
{Oooo!}
Suddenly the students that were still in the courtyard made a stir.

Part 5

The source of the commotion was a car that was entering the parking lot that was visible from the courtyard.
{I, isn’t that a Rolls Royce! That thing still exist, huh!}
Lured by the voices, Homura also took a look at the high class car that was stopping at the parking lot.
Thereupon the door of the high class car opened, and from inside someone he knew came out.
Tall body with gloomy long hair. The board chairman Onjouji Kai.
Seeing that, Homura instantly lost interest and was going to move his gaze, but.
(Hm?)
Suddenly, Homura noticed that Onjouji was looking straight at him.
(Does he have some kind of business with me?)
Homura returned a doubtful expression towards the gaze sent to him.
—Then, one more person came out from the car, a man in a different suit was getting out following after Onjouji.
While his looks were still young enough to be called middle-age, he was a man with a lean figure and a lot of white hair.
The instant that man showed his appearance,
{ { {Eh-} } }
All the people in the courtyard other than Homura had their breath taken away.
Why? That was because the man that came out following Onjouji was a character that one really ought to be surprised that much about.
The silence that came from the surprise was immediately changed into stirs like {Why is that person in this kind of place?} or {Just what in the world is his business here?}.
And then inside that commotion, the man accompanied Onjouji and straightforwardly headed to the courtyard—towards where Homura was.
Homura obtained a single conviction from that sight.
(I see. The one that called me—is you then. That’s the reason Kai become the intermediary.)
Before long the man with a lot of white hair arrived in front of Homura.
When looking at him from near, there were a lot of wrinkles on the man’s face.

The color of the man’s lips were also bad, he looked far more withered compared to when he was seen from afar.
The discrepancy between this man’s appearance in Homura’s memory and the reality now was really tragic.
But even so, that man made a truly happy smile on his tired face in front of Homura.
“Long time no see. Homura-san.”
The man gave a respectful bow in greeting.
That conduct and voice were filled with deep gratitude and respect from the heart towards the young man in front of his eyes.
On the other hand Homura too,
“Yeah, it has been five years since I last met you too Temporary Representative Kinugasa. …No,”
Returning his greeting towards that dear acquaintance, Homura stopped his sentence once from him mistaking the man’s position.
Temporary Representative—the man was called so in the past. As for right now,
“—Right now you are the prime minister aren’t you.”
That’s right… that was the true identity of this slightly withered man.
The 99th Cabinet Prime Minister□Kinugasa Yoshinori.

Part 6

Homura and Kinugasa, as well as Onjouji moved from the courtyard in order to change the place of their conversation.
The place they chose for the conversation was the board chairman's room.
Along the way, Kinugasa first expressed his gratitude to Homura.
"Homura-san. Thank you very much for answering the sudden call from such a far away place."
"Really. I thought just what it is at the day I suddenly got told to enroll into a school. …Well, I already thought that there must be something hidden, but who would've guessed that it was Japan's highest big shot himself that directly called me here."
Now Homura understood why Onjouji's mouth was sealed shut.
"But is it okay? If you come meeting me directly right in the middle of the day like this, those world government guys won't shut their mouth right?"
That question was a natural concern.
He was the <Evil God User> that had the brand of [traitor] pushed on him and was exiled by the world government.
If a country ruler under the world government attempted to contact such a person, it might be taken as a rebelling act.
But towards such concern of Homura, Kinugasa just shrugged his shoulders a little.
"Whether I come at afternoon or night, Homura-san is being monitored for twenty-four hours. The time doesn't really matter here. Besides [the scoundrel that annihilated the innocent China Union army] had entered into the Tokyo life sphere that is the jurisdiction of Japan government. As part of public order preservation, it's only natural for me to show my face."
The reply was returned with a jesting mood.
Homura burst into a small chuckle from the way that man said that.
"I see, certainly that's just obvious. …Your roundabout talking has become argumentative huh."
"Haha. It's an occupational disease. That Homura-san has also become really tall."
"The last time we met was when I was twelve right. After all that time of course I'm going to grow. Your white hair has increased huh."
"…Doing things one is not suited with is something tiresome."
Saying that, Kinugasa showed a tired smile.

But Onjouji gave his honest opinion about those words from the side.
“That’s not true. Prime Minister Kinugasa is looking down on yourself too much. That’s your bad habit.
That was a fact.
At <Walpurgis Night>, while the old men that once controlled this country feared <Demon King Typhon> and hurried to be the first to escape, throwing away this country and its people, Kinugasa who in spite of just being a mere young bureau director at the time, stayed behind by himself at the foremost line and continued to fight as the temporary representative. Without getting even a wink of sleep during the ten days, he continued to maintain the functions of government literally struggling to death.
If he was not there, the country called Japan would not have survived the <Walpurgis Night>.
It was not an exaggeration saying that.
Even Homura recognized this man’s backbone.
In the current Japan, there was no single person with better qualifications to stand at the top than this man.
All the people that lived in Tokyo life sphere also thought like that.
However, the person himself didn’t think so.
“Haha… I wonder about that. In reality, with my strength I couldn’t do anything about <Walpurgis Night>. If I have to say what I could do at that time, it was only carrying out the minimum duties of the organization called the government, I just somehow carried that out. That was the best that I could do. …If there was no Homura-san’s power, then there was nothing that could be done. What the world needed exactly is Homura-san’s power. Whether it was five years ago, and then—right now in this moment too.”
“____”
Instantly, the atmosphere that was flowing between the two changed.
Homura sensed that minute change.
From now on it would be the reason Kinugasa came here today. And also the true intention of calling Homura from London.
Then what laid ahead was not something to be talked about while they were walking right in the middle of a corridor.
In just the right timing, the board chairman’s room came in front of their eyes.
Homura reached out his hand toward the door of the board chairman’s room thinking to ask the continuation inside, —it was at that moment.
“-……!”
“Uh, this is……-“
Suddenly, the two other than Homura raised a choked out scream, their faces paled while backing off from the door in retreat.
“What is it?”
Homura floated a question mark on his head towards the two’s action.
In contrast, Onjouji who had cold sweat on his forehead gave a reply in bitter feeling.

“…How envious. To be unable to sense this ominous aura.”
“Now that you mentioned it, Homura-san is not good at sensing other people’s magic power isn’t it.”
“My bad to be so insensitive. …But you two saying that means that there is someone inside?”
“…Ye, yes. Perhaps.”
Homura who was insensitive towards other people’s magic power because his own magic power was too big didn’t understand it.
However the other two were different. Because they were different, they sensed it completely.
What was leaking out from between the gaps of the door, a sickening presence.
A dread as if a centipede was creeping around between the skin and the flesh at the back.
Ahead of this single door, something possessing an outrageously evil magic power was waiting.
That was why their body, their soul, refused to open this door.
The board chairman’s room’s door even looked like the jaw of a jet black dragon to both Onjouji and Kinugasa.
“An ambush huh?”
Someone seemed to be there.
Foreign country’s spy? Or perhaps something else.
Even when Homura wracked his brain, the candidate was just too numerous that he couldn’t make an estimate.
He couldn’t guess—however,
“Well, we also can’t just keep standing here forever.”
Saying that, Homura pushed open the door and entered inside brazenly.
He could deal with any kind of surprise attack prepared by anyone.
It was an act that came from such confidence.
But, there was no surprise attack that he feared.
The reason was that the intruder didn’t even hide their figure,
“Mogumogu.” [6]
The intruder was sitting on the guest sofa while eating cake.
Looking at the figure of the girl wrapped in a crimson dress stuffing her cheeks with cake, Homura sighed in amazement,
“…When I thought who was it, it’s just you, huh. Vel.”
He called the girl’s name.

Part 7

Going back in time about one century ago. The human race for the first time faced invasion from the demons.
Compared to <Demon King Typhon> that appeared five years ago, it was just a <General class> demon that was similar with a small fry, but the human race at that time still didn't know of sorcery and didn’t have any way to oppose the threat.
Because of that, the human race was cornered in the blink of an eye and made to stand on the predicament of ruin on one occasion.
However at such a time, the human race was visited by a turning point.
That was—the encounter with the person who introduced himself as the <Man of Darkness>.

{The person who is able to perfectly decipher this book, will obtain the technique to make even god follow his will.}

The <Man of Darkness> that appeared to the human race that was going to be destroyed one-sidedly by the demons, saying that he entrusted his knowledge of sorcery that he possessed into a single book to the human race.
It was—Liber Al vel Legis.
With <Book of LawLiber Legis> engraved as the title with golden letters, it was the grimoire of beginning for the human race.
What was written in it, as a rule, was something that couldn’t be understood by a sane mind, it was numerous knowledge of darkness that laughed scornfully at the human race’s progress until now.
Those reading it wouldn’t end normally.
Would their be life lost, or would their heart be broken, the conclusion was those two. The end was one.
But the human race was already at a stage where they couldn’t choose their methods anymore.
The human race united in the face of the danger of ruin. By literally struggling to death, even while sacrificing the lives and minds of several tens of thousands of courageous people, the grimoire was deciphered little

by little. Learning the knowledge of sorcery, finally, the human race exterminated the demons that cornered them into ruin.
However—in actuality what the human race at that time could decipher, was an amount that did not even reach ten percent of the whole <Liber Legis>. That was because the knowledge written in <Liber Legis> was just extremely too unintelligible and evil.
But, in this world there was only one person, a human that completely deciphered that man-eating devil book.
It was none other than the <Evil God User> Kamishiro Homura.

And then <Liber Legis> that had all the knowledge it possessed divulged by Homura, since then it swore absolute allegiance to the <Evil God User>, accompanying him as his weapon.
Some times it was a sword, some times it was a shield, and other times it took the form of a girl.
The crimson girl Vel in front of his eyes, was that kind of highest rank grimoire and the weapon of the <Evil God User>, the personification of <Liber Legis>.
“Just when I thought that I hadn’t seen you since morning, you werelounging around in this kind of place.”
“Because we returned back to [Tokyo life sphere], so I have to eat Coffee Mansion’s cheese cake. I also have master’s portion.” [7]
“I ain’t asking you that here.”
“Then, Master doesn't need it?”
“No, I’m not saying I don’t need it. Later I’m gonna eat too so leave some for me. What I want to ask is about why are you purposefully eating here?”
“Because this place has good black tea prepared.”
Without any reservation, Vel replied back with an unconcerned tone like a machine.
Somehow, to keep asking her like this seemed silly, Homura sighed deeply once more.
From behind of Homura that was like that, Kinugasa who guessed the situation showed his appearance and greeted Vel.
“I say. It has been five years too since I last saw you, Vel-san. …No, or should I better call you <The Crawling Chaos>?”
What Kinugasa said was the nickname of a certain evil god. That was what Homura dug up and exposed when he was in the stage of deciphering <Liber Legis>, the true identity of the <Man of Darkness> that taught sorcery to the human race that was almost ruined. …Of course, a shameful fact that humans survived due to the knowledge obtained thanks to an evil god was hidden in secret, people who knew about this truth were mostly nonexistent.
But, just saying that it was not known, meant it was a fact that couldn’t be falsified.
And then <Liber Legis> was the knowledge of that evil god turned into the shape of a book that was handed out to the human race.
Therefore there was no mistake about the fact that Vel herself was also [one] of <The Crawling Chaos>.
But, Vel shook her head left and right towards Kinugasa’s words showing her denial.
“That title is correct to represent [me], but it’s incorrect as my given name. I am here as <Liber Legis> due to the order of [me]. That’s why I’m the <Liber Legis>, I’m not anything else than that.”
“Then I’ll call you Vel-san. So Vel-san also came back to Japan then.”

“Naturally. I am Master’s sword and shield. I’m always together with him. I’m different from you all that only used Master without helping in return.”
Suddenly, a thorn appeared in the emotionless and machine-like tone of Vel. While it was calm, it was a voice tone that conceived extremely strong rage.
Blood drained out from Kinugasa’s expression hearing upon that voice tone.
And then Kinugasa understood at the same time.
The dread he felt just now. It was the hostility this girl directed across the door.
“Vel. Stop intimidating recklessly like that.”
“No, Homura-san. It was exactly as she said.”
Homura warned Vel of her blunt threat, but it was none other than Kinugasa himself that interrupted Homura.
Why? It was because Kinugasa himself also regretted from his heart the ingratitude that Vel frankly said to him.
“While we had our lives saved by you, we didn’t protect you from the malice of the <United World Government>. And then we are all nothing more than weak-minded people, except a really small part of people who had their life saved directly by you on the battlefield, most of the human race thinks of you as a [traitor], they didn’t even doubt it at all. …I really think that it is truly inexcusable.”
Kinugasa apologized from his heart towards the [hero] whose power was unreachable by them and had the brand of [traitor] pushed onto him.
However—the person himself, Homura, didn’t even want any apology or anything.
“I don’t really care about that. The one who said that [It’s fine like this] is also me.”
When Homura said that to turn down the apology, he glared at Vel that was blaming Kinugasa with a severe expression.
“Vel. You too, don’t say anything stupid.”
“…I’m sorry.”
Vel, sensing that her master was getting seriously angry, apologized while being a little dejected.
Even Vel that made Kinugasa and Onjouji tremble with just her presence, was treated like a child if it was against Homura.
“Well, it’s fine if you understand.”
After that Vel shifted her body to the corner of the sofa in order to create a space for Homura to sit.
It seemed that she didn’t have any intention to get out from the room.
But, just like she expressed before, she was Homura’s sword and shield.
If Homura getting called to Japan was because of a situation that couldn’t be dealt with except by Homura, and Homura was going to give his cooperation, then she was also not unrelated to this.
That was why Homura didn’t chase out Vel outside the room and took a seat beside her.
And then, he asked Kinugasa who stood at the entrance.

“Rather than things like that, just cut it out and say what you want to say. The reason you called me out here.”
Against Homura’s question, Kinugasa took a deep breath once,
“I understand.”
Saying that, he also entered inside the room and took a seat in front of Homura.
After that… he began to talk slowly.
The background of why he called Homura through Onjouji.

Part 8

“Right now, something terrifying is going to happen inside the <United World Government>.”
“Something terrifying?”
“<One Year Plan>. That’s the name of the project. The content is, in one year the ten countries that survived <Walpurgis Night> will be merged into five countries of the five great leader’s jurisdiction under the great cause of making the human race as one and oppose the demons.”
“…They are making a really bold plan again huh.”
Homura knitted his eyebrows towards the information that Kinugasa brought.
His family register had been taken away a long time ago, but even so for Homura the country called Japan was his birthplace.
That was why, if he was told that the county would be gone, his expression would become hard.
“If I remember right, those five great leaders are from the five countries of Britain, China, Russia, America, and Italy right? Which one is Japan going to be integrated into?”
“The talk has advanced towards the direction of us being absorbed into China Republic Union. Also, it’s not a [merger]. This is an [absorption].”
“What are you saying?”
“Exactly as the word said, it means a one-sided exploitation. Japan’s government will be completely dismantled, and our sovereignty will be transferred to China Republic Union. There is also the arrangement to restitute the property of the people into the country’s treasury temporarily, what will be left to us are only unfairness of heavy tax and food rationing. … Well, after all our relationship with our neighboring country is not really good.”
Saying that, Kinugasa smiled bitterly.
Surely right now he was thinking that the relationship didn’t go well since <Walpurgis Night> was because of the ineptitude of themselves the politicians.
But, Kinugasa immediately drew back his bitter smile and continued his words with a serious expression once again.
“However, such things are only a small matter. The biggest problem is the difference in ideology between China Republic Union and Japan.

China Republic Union is a country that imposes widely despotic government that doesn’t allow democracy.
Naturally, the integration between these two countries won’t go smoothly.
Further, the <Holy Path Church> is also involved in this merger. The church is also advancing the talk to make the <Holy Path Church> as the only sect of the human race.
In regards to this too, we can anticipate an extremely large opposition.
Because of Japan’s tolerant stance towards any kind of sect, there are various sects of the refugees here.
However—under the great cause of uniting the human race to face the demons, the world government plan to carry out this. But, a result produced from such a one-way just cause—will be a river of blood and a mountain of corpses due to oppression.”
Water and oil wouldn’t mix no matter how much they are stirred together.
Then what should be done?
Nothing else but to abolish one side until there was not a single drop left.
When people held in their hand a selfish great cause, they could become even more cruel than a demon.
That was an inevitability that had been proven by history. An apparent result.
For that reason, Kinugasa was,
“—I want to stop this reckless development. Not just me. The countries other than the five great leaders, and also Britain’s reformation faction force showed a strong opposition towards this <One Year Plan>.”
But, Kinugasa’s expression clouded after saying until that far.
“However, our power is insufficient with only us. In the first place when the <United World Government> was created, it was a group that was formed from the Five Great Leaders which are the five countries that possessed the most surviving force remaining. It’s inevitable that the other countries’ power are all falling behind them.”
“I see.”
After hearing that much, Homura too opened his mouth.
“In other words… the reason you called me here is in order to fight the Five Great Leaders, you want me to enter under the affiliation of the opposition force… is that what you are talking about?”
By doing that, it would compensate for their inferior strength.
That was how Homura perceived Kinugasa’s thinking.
And then Vel who sat beside Homura also had the same conclusion.
“A selfish talk. After forsaking Master already, now you are saying you want to make use of Master again?”
Vel narrowed her eyes slightly while strong hostility drifted in the air, she glared at Kinugasa.
However—
“No. What I want is something completely different.”
Kinugasa denied it straightforwardly.

“What I want to ask from Homura-san is something that is completely the opposite.”
“The opposite?”
“Yes. I don’t want to enter Homura-san under our affiliation. —We want to enter under the affiliation of the <Evil God User> Kamishiro Homura. And then I want to destroy the organization of the Five Great Leaders, and for you to become the [King] of the new political administration. That’s the reason of me for calling you here.”
“……”
That was the true motive that Homura was told. Hearing that, as expected even Homura was dumbfounded.
He said, that he wanted him to become king?
“…You, are you sane?”
Homura reflexively voiced his doubts frankly.
But Kinugasa nodded towards those words that were lacking in manners.
“Of course.”
“No, from what you just said I really cannot think that you are sane. Just try to think about it a little. I’m someone whose power is sealed by the world government using <Aureole> here. Right now I got no power except something a little above a S-rank magician. You are sayin’ you want that kind of brat as king? That ain’t an idea of a proper adult y’know, Prime Minister Kinugasa.”
“Is your power really sealed?”
“____”
“As for me I really can’t think of that as the case. Against at best just those philistines of the Five Great Leaders, you, the <Evil God User> Kamishiro Homura are bounded? That’s really completely unimaginable. Even though you are the magician that binds even gods.”
“……now then, I wonder about that.”
Homura evaded the question.
On the other hand Kinugasa added even more of his words.
“Besides, there is also no problem in your age. This is a matter about soul. The real problem is, on top of the existence of the demon’s threat, there is a necessity to unite the human race as one.
But the Five Great Leaders don’t have the capacity for that. Unity due to coercion or the likes, it’s nothing more than a sham that would immediately break down.
What is needed, is a king with a noble soul that can guide all the people. An existence of an absolute leader, one that anyone can see a dream on that back, and also one that can make people think for themselves to follow that back.
—Homura-san. From among the people that I know, it’s only you who are worthy of that.”
“You really got a too high opinion of me.”

‘It came to nobility huh’, thinking that Homura floated a wry smile in astonishment.
He didn’t hate it to be praised, but it gave him the creeps to be flattered that much.
“Just what in the world is your basis for thinking like that, I really want you to tell me by all means. After all, next time I’m going to use that reasoning, not at a man, but at a woman as a pick-up line.”
When Homura returned a joking question like that, Kinugasa didn’t reply immediately.
It was as if he was hardening his resolve for a while, after Kinugasa closed his eyelids he finally began to form his words.
Why he supported Homura, the basis of that.
“Because I know. What happened behind that <Walpurgis Night>. The mortal combat that has never been written in history. And also the last days of the elites that were <Book Burning Corps> that once existed in the <Knight Order Without Borders>.”

—Instantly, all emotion slipped off from Homura’s face——

The single memory that ran through in his mind.
The fresh blood that stained the new snow.
The corpses of his comrades that fell down like decayed trees.
The coldness of the heterochromiagold and silver ominous eyes looking down at that, and the sensation of the life of an important female(person) spilling over from the embrace of his two hands.
Everything of that day was vividly resurrected—
“Compared to the cruel ordeal that was imposed on you at that battle, something like <Walpurgis Night> didn’t even enter into that ordeal. But, you fought to the bitter end. I know about that noble way of living. That’s why—”

“——Stay quiet.”

“……!”
Homura’s spoken words instantly froze Kinugasa’s throat.
After all, the killing intent of a drawn sword was filled in that tone.
Homura covered his face with his right hand as if enduring a headache, with a sharp look he glared down Kinugasa from the gaps between his fingers.
“youOutsider can’t talk about us<Book Burning Corps>.”

To point at a battle that made him lose all his irreplaceable comrades as [noble], was not a joke.
After all since that day, there was no day where he didn't curse at his own powerlessness.
"Forgive me… Without even thinking of Homura-san's feeling, I talked as if I understand anything about it."
Homura's intimidating pressure was incomparable with Vel's pressure before this.
It made Kinugasa's whole face paled in terror, he quickly lowered his head and apologized.
That was why Kinugasa didn't aggravate Homura more than that.
Rather than that, there was another party that should be blamed more than him right at the side.
"Kai. You were the one that blabbed your mouth huh."
Saying that, Homura glared with angry eyes at Onjouji that was listening to the conversation of the two.
"All the members of <Book Burning Corps> died at that battle except me. That's why the humans that know about the truth of <Walpurgis Night> is the person concerned, me, and you who was the commander-in-chief of the <Knight Order Without Borders> at that time. And then only Shiori who was in the protection of <Book Burning Corps>. Now, there is no way I talked and I don't think Shiori would, so the information source must be you bastard."
"Is there something wrong with that?"
"Is there something wrong with that, your ass."
Onjouji's behavior that didn't even look guilty really irritated Homura.
The reason for that was the nature of the corps called <Book Burning Corps>.
The <Knight Order Without Borders> officially protected the civilians that didn't have any means to fight from the threat of the demons. They were a virtuous mercenary group made up of magicians, but—however the threat against the civilians came not only from the demons.
The knowledge of sorcery that the <Man of Darkness> brought about saved the human race from ruin, but at the same time it also left behind a spark of fire, for that led to the new culture of the human race's wars.
After escaping from the threat of ruin, what occurred after that was the scramble between countries for grimoires where knowledge of sorcery were written, starting from <Liber Legis>. Their war carried out violence, not to mention towards the enemy country, it was also not rare for a country to perform experiments of cruel sorcery using their own people. In an extreme case, there were even politicians that tried to secure a powerful demon's protection by sacrificing the people of their own country.
Of course, the <Knight Order Without Borders> lamented this situation. But, as an organization that acted by traveling all over the world, they couldn't cause a war with a country publicly.

There what was formed was an assassin group of few numbered elites of prominent powerful people of the <Knight Order Without Borders>, which specialized in erasing [country] or [people] that harmed the people—the <Book Burning Corps>.
It was terrifying because the enemy was the same humans like them, in many cases that should be called as the symbol of the human race's evil, they buried the situation inside the darkness that nobody knew about by killing all the existences that were related to the case, they were the dark side of the knight order.
Of course because of that peculiarity, originally the name of the corps shouldn't even be spoken aloud. Despite so—
"Just what in the hell was your intention?"
Homura pressed his question.
But, in regard to this situation even Onjouji's side had his own reason.
"It was nothing particular. He is the person that is in charge of this country. He is in the position where he should know about the truth."
"Ain't it the ironclad rule for the <Knight Order Without Border> to not support any country?"
"That knight order doesn't exist anymore. They were annihilated in the battle against <Demon King Typhon>, even the survivors had returned home to their exhausted motherland or to the refugee of their ruined country, doing their all for their home. —I too am the same."
Since the knight order didn't exist anymore, they did the best of their ability for the sake of their birthplace.
If he was told that, even Homura couldn't condemn Onjouji. He clicked his tongue and stopped.
Looking at that displeased Homura, Kinsugasa who was glared down by Homura just before raised his voice one more time.
"Homura-san. I will apologize as many times as needed if I made you feel bad. However, no matter what, your strength is necessary for this world. Please, can you think about it?"
In regards to that, Homura's answer came really fast. The answer was decided already from the beginning.
"You are joking. Just why have I gotta do something that troublesome."
"Because except Homura-san, there is no one else that can do it."
"Yet even so, my bad but I've got no motivation or interest in that. Whether when I was in <Book Burning Corps>, and also right now that I had become the <Evil God User>, my enemy is the demons, and those shitty bastards that support the demons. I've got no mood to stick my neck into politic wars between fellow humans."
The tone of Homura's curt rejection was unapproachable.
Hearing that definite refusal, Kinugasa's shoulders dropped a little.
"……is, that so."
However towards that Kinugasa,

“But, it’s also a fact that the way the world government is doing things is unpleasant.”
Saying that, Homura made a single concession.
“One year. I’ll promise to stay in Japan for one year. That’s my debt of gratitude towards my birthplace. If that <One Year Plan> is put into operation, the center of the opposition force is surely gonna be Japan right? If I’m here, it should be hard for the Five Great Leaders to move. That’s why during that time you stop those guys.”
That was the task of the leader of this country, the task of a person of the world government, Kinugasa himself.
Homura brought his talk to finish with those words.
“……”
Kinugasa closed his eyes and thought for a while after hearing Homura’s concession.
For Kinugasa, he wanted Homura to walk down the path of ruling.
It was the truth. However the person himself wasn’t interested in that so it couldn’t be helped.
Right here, he should be satisfied with just obtaining the firm promise of Homura to stay for one year.
Currently a great variety of human races and sects were gathered in Tokyo life sphere.
Perhaps it was even fine to say that it was the best mixed state among each countries’ life sphere.
Just as Homura said, there was no doubt that Japan would be the place where the strictest oppression happened due to the <One Year Plan>.
Homura didn’t have any wish to get involved with political wars, but on the other hand, he was also not a human who wouldn’t drive away the spark of trouble that was going to happen.
Based on that, the matter of Homura continuing to stay in this place had a big meaning.
That was why, Kinugasa accepted this as adequate.
“That’s enough. We will somehow do it with ourselves.”
“Right. You do that. After all government is the adult’s job.”
Right when Homura made a frivolous comment like that. —That happened.

- UUUUUUUUUUUN!* *UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUN!*

A piercing warning sound resounded with great volume.
That was—the sound that warned the people of a demon invasion.

Part 9

{Emergency situation occurring! Emergency situation occurring!
Today, at 1600, A great number of demons appeared at Saitama!
Currently they are heading to Tokyo life sphere going south!
The appearing demons are <Soldier class> orc, goblin, gargoyle, harpy—total count two hundred!
<Knight class> bicorn, earth spider, wyvern, —total count 50!
Reinforcement request came from the national defense army that is going ahead!
All students please assemble at the platoon room immediately!}
Continuing after the alarm sound, a broadcast inside the school was circulated.
Homura knitted his eyebrows towards the details of the situation from the broadcast.
“They gathered quite a lot it seems.”
“Right. It’s rare for an invasion of this scale to happen. Perhaps they are not just stray, but this is an attack from a demon that possesses influence in the demon world.”
“A troop… if that’s so, then there is a possibility of a <General class> appearing.”
There was also status among the demons.
<Soldier class> <Knight class> <General class> <Demon King class>—
When they were classified, it was generally into those four classes.
And then, if a <General class> also came, it was not an opponent that could be dealt with without S-rank magician.
That was why Onjouji immediately spoke directly using the speakers inside the school from the line inside the room.
{This is New Tokyo Sorcery Academy’s board chairman Onjouji Kai. I inform all the students. The platoons with evaluation lower than 70 points are unneeded to depart. Only the platoons with higher than 70 points are to equip <Air Raid> and quickly head to the location. However, the 101st will depart as a special case. That’s all.}
And then Onjouji put back the phone receiver and stared at Homura.
“That’s the situation. I’ll have the 101st to go out too, Homura.”
“…If I remember right, in the document that I got, the 101st platoon’s evaluation was recorded in as 42 points though?”

“It’s obvious that number was blown away already when you entered into the platoon don’t you think? Besides, if we take into account the possibility of <General class> appearing, there is no way we can leave the S-rank magician Sumika idle here.”
“You are quite right.”
After shrugging his shoulder looking slightly tiresome, Homura “yo-“ stood up from the sofa.
And then he gazed at Kinugasa,
“Prime Minister. There is also a case of ‘what if’. Send a request to those guys of the <United World Government> for a limited release of <Aureole>.”
“I, I understand! I’ll make a contact to the Five Great Leaders in great hurry!”
“I’ll leave it to you. —Vel!”
“Nn. I know.”
From Homura’s call, Vel’s body that was sitting beside Homura drinking black tea crumbled down into pieces turning into [pieces of paper].
Those [pieces of paper] was swallowed by the wind, and they gathered inside Homura’s hand with that form transformed even further.
It transformed into a single sword that should be called as solid darkness that possessed no luster.
“Then, I’m going now.”
And then with an ominous sword that was like darkness solidified in hand, Homura—departed to the front line.
The enemy of humanity that he should kill. He went towards the location where the invaders from the demon world were. [8]

Chapter 4

Part 1

The prefectural border between Saitama and Tokyo life sphere.
Because the place had been turned into a city of abandoned rubbles, the trainee soldiers of the trainee platoon that were patrolling with the national defense army spread out their defensive line here.
From the gaps of the rubbles, from the cloudy sky, —they intercepted the approaching atypical swarm.
The appearance of the 27th platoon that accompanied the duty of patrolling Japan could also be found in that foremost line.
Anna who was taking a position atop the steel tower that had rusted, rotted, crept up by ivy from being abandoned for five years, with her <Arms> for <Sniper> use that was her style, a white bolt action-type rifle in her hand, she sniped the demons that flew in the sky of far beyond.
Her skill was exactly of one-shot, one-kill.
In addition her contracted heroic spirit was the <White God of Death> Simo Hayha.
He was the hero of Finland with the highest recorded war results in history.
Against the harpies and gargoyles, Anna’s bullets accurately pierced the enemies’ vital spot and shot them down.
“Yosh, with this it’s the seventeenth one! Oh man, aren’t I in perfect form, this me!”
The finger that pressed the trigger was light.
Anna took a little guts pose for her own great condition.
“The number of the enemy also cannot be counted here, like this maybe I can reach the high score~?”
Thereupon—a display frame made from magic power element appeared in the end of the girl’s field of vision suddenly.

It was a mind communication. Inside the display frame was the face of Rozalind.
“Oy, what’s the matter Roze?”
“Anna. Sorry to disturb you when you are on fire, but I request your assist. The carapace of the earth spider is hard, the blade isn’t effective.”
“Okay okay~. Just leave it to big sister.”
Answering so, Anna called out the map for the whole battlefield in her field of vision.
And then at the marker that was indicated on the map, she confirmed the position of her teammate.
Moving her eyes to that direction, using her contracted heroic spirit’s Heroic Skill <Eagle’s Eye>, she confirmed by sight the situation two kilometers ahead.
At the end of her sight was Rozalind and Koga Ayumi battling an armored spider with length around five meters.
That was the target she was asked to assist with, an earth spider.
Anna didn’t even use the scope, she accurately determined the aim in an instant, —and fired a bullet that was filled with a certain sorcery.
The fired bullet rushed ahead tearing through the air.
It impacted the flank of the earth spider that currently was going to swing down its sharp blade attached front leg to Rozalind.
However, the carapace of the earth spider that was even harder than titanium alloy lightly bounced the bullet.
The armor of earth spider that boasted outstanding defensive power even among the <Knight class> demons would repel even a direct hit of a tank cannon.
Something like a rifle wouldn’t even scratch it.
But, that was already calculated.
The objective of this shot was not at the bullet, but to hit the sorcery that was attached onto the bullet into the earth spider.
The sorcery that Anna entered into the bullet was—earth element second grade sorcery□Oxidation CharmAcid Seal.
Its effect could immediately be seen by the eyes.
The earth spider’s solid carapace was beginning to smolderingly dissolve accompanied with a smell that made the nose wrinkle.
If it became like this then even its prided armor would become meaningless.
“Clad in the wind, my sword—”
Without wasting time Rozalind increased the sharpness of her <Swordsman>-style <Arms> that was a katana with sorcery enchantment, she also breathed magic power into the four fairy wings equipped on her back, the <Air Raid> and accelerated—
“Fujin Reppa—!” [9]
Borrowing the power of wind, she slashed and bisected the earth spider into two.

Originally <Knight class> was an opponent that even adult national defense magicians would have a hard fight against, but the level of this 27th trainee platoon was high to easily defeat it.
However—as expected they also had childishness because of their age.
“—Yosh.”
Rozalind that finished the earth spider relaxed her attention completely for an instant.
In that instant, a small strange shape leaped at the girl out from the gaps of the rubble.
“Rozalind-chan! Behind you-!”
“What-!?”
The small strange shape that leaped at her was—<Soldier class> goblin.
The number was four goblin.
The goblins first had one of them struck at Rozalind’s <Air Raid> with a club and destroyed it.
When she became unable to escape to the sky, one goblin clung at her right leg, and the remaining two at her dominant hand that was holding the katana, restraining Rosalind in place.
“Damn!”
It was already too late when she said that.
Even among the <Soldier class> demons, goblins were especially powerless small fry that couldn’t even use sorcery, but it had shrewdness like performing this kind of team play.
And then, if this was a team play—naturally there existed the finishing player.
The next instant, as if waiting for that restraint, a gargoyle flying at low altitude, slipping through the eyes of the <Sniper> was approaching near, flying out from the shadow of a building.
And then, it stabbed a trident spear at Rozalind.
The aim was Rozalind’s heart. —But, that spear tip was repelled away as if hitting an unseen wall in the air.
“Ayumi!”
“Le, leave it to me!”
Ayumi, who cut in between Rozalind and the gargoyle, with the <Sorcerer>-style <Arms>, that was a staff, in hand laid out a sorcery barrier.
{Gya gya!}
The mechanical staff that was a weapon of the <Sorcerer> didn’t have the function of a weapon like the weapons of the <Swordsman> or the <Gunner>.
But in place of that, elaborate magic mechanisms were built-in in the internal of the staff, heightening sorcery chanting speed and the power of the spell rapidly.
With only the power of a <Soldier class>, it was impossible to pierce through this solid protection.

Therefore the gargoyle’s attack was repelled and its posture was broken in the air.
Ayumi didn’t miss that opening.
She immediately formed a chantless Photon Bullet and created three shots—
“GOOO!”
She shot toward the gargoyle that was hovering in the air.
But, a gargoyle was a demon whose selling point was its mobility in the air.
{GIGIGI—!}
‘Just try it if you think you can chase me.’
As if saying that, the gargoyle fiercely moved in the air in order to shake off the approaching Photon Bullets.
That movement was irregular yet quick, it was extremely difficult to follow with the eyes.
However—Ayumi had already learned how to deal with that kind of problem.
(Homura, san……!)
She recalled. His words, his teaching.
There was no need to be led around by the enemy’s movements.
Her field of vision should not chase, but fix the enemy in it.
She should not match the movement of the enemy, it is her side that should control the enemy’s movement—!
“YAAAA!”
Yelling with a voice filled with spirit, Ayumi let flew three shots of Photon Bullet with her trajectory instruction.
First was one shot, she raised its speed and directed it straightforwardly to the gargoyle.
Of course the gargoyle evaded that, but that was—a movement that Ayumi made it do with the first shot.
Ayumi had already directed the other two shots at the trajectory where the gargoyle was evading.
The gargoyle moved by itself into that firing line—
{GI———IIII!}
Its body burst and scattered apart from the direct hit of the Photon Bullet.
(I, I did it!)
At the same time, behind her—
“Hands off me immediately-!”
{Gya gyaa———!}
Rozalind shook off the goblins that clung at her with all her might and cut them down, setting herself free from the restraints.
Rozalind immediately said her thanks towards Ayumi who had protected her.
“You saved me. I’ll return the favor for sure, Ayumi.”
{Koga-chi, nice assist-!}

Anna who was witnessing the sequence of Ayumi's actions also sent her praise towards the girl using mind communication.
"E, ehehe…"
Hearing those words, Ayumi's expression burst open in a smile.
Until now the 27th trainee platoon was Anna and Rozalind's two-top.
These two possessed motivation and ability that surpassed the student standard by far, honestly there were a lot of times where Ayumi was just a burden to them.
They were together only because they were friends.
Ayumi was always feeling guilty for such situation.
For that reason, this battle result and her friends' words made her unbearably happy.
(Thanks to, Homura-san…)
When she went back, she was going to talk about this to him.
And then she was going to thank him.
Ayumi decided that in her heart.
She decided… and she noticed how her heart leaped that she could converse with Homura.
{27th trainee platoon! You guys really did it huh! It's rare for a trainee platoon to show this much result you know!}
Suddenly, a new communication came to Ayumi and co. who just repulsed a group of demons.
The face that was displayed in the display frame was a middle-aged Arabian that grew his beard.
He was the division commander of the Japan National Defense Army's seventh division that was currently performing the battle, Hassad.
{Hehehee—! Aren't we aren't we? It's fine for you to rely more on us you know?}
{Haha-! Then after this help out at the defense here! They are being pushed back a little.}
The commander talked with fluent Japanese while making a part of the mission map display in Ayumi and co.'s view, shining red.
That place was the area that needed reinforcements.
Anna who was the captain of the 27th trainee platoon confirmed it and,
{Okey-dokey~, then we will quickly—}
When she was going to return an acceptance reply, it was at that time.
Suddenly, an emergency transmission with a sound that was like a scream cut in.
{Mission map point C-4, a huge magic power reaction right in front of the defense line-! Something is coming-!}

Part 2

Hearing that interrupting emergency transmission, both Ayumi and Rozaling, then everyone who heard that transmission directed their eyes at the designated direction.
Mission map point C-4.
Above the sky of that point—there was a distortion.
The space was twisted in clockwise rotation.
That twisting rapidly swallowed the surrounding space in its distortion without stopping.
Before long, the space broke accompanied by a sound like breaking glass.
And then, from the broken space—a strange shape with body size around 3 meters appeared.
“…Tha, that’s……!”
That strange shaped figure made Ayumi felt fear and a chill as if her spine was frozen and being licked by a tongue.
In one glance, the figure had an appearance that was near human.
However its lower body had fur and hooves like a water buffalo, and on its back the wings of a bat.
And then its head part was—a goat head possessing twisted horns was placed there.
That look—no magician existed that did not know of that terrifying appearance.
“Ba, Baphomet……-!”
Someone on the battlefield whispered that name. That was the name of this demon—
One hundred years ago, it appeared before the human race that still didn’t possess sorcery, its overwhelming power endlessly massacred everything, a superior demon of <General class> that possessed preeminent magic ability in the demon world.
{That’s, the demon of beginning…-}
{What a phenomenal magic power……!}
Suddenly looking at that appearance, the one who was trembling was not only Ayumi.
Not to mention the other students of the trainee platoons that accompanied the patrol together here, even the magicians of the seventh division’s

country defense were trembling all over their body towards this new threat that appeared.
As if… the terror of massacre that humanity received one hundred years ago was already imprinted in their genetics.
However, such a thing was nothing more than a deceptive terror.
{Don’t falter-! The human race having a bitter fight against Baphomet is a story of one hundred years ago already! The sorcery of the human race has evolved to a farther stage compared to that time! Fight without hesitation-!}
Hassad who immediately recovered faster than anyone issued his rally through the communication.
That’s right. They had a bitter fight against Baphomet merely because at that time the humans didn’t know sorcery at all.
But with <Liber Legis> that the <Man of Darkness> left behind as the beginning, with all the grimoires that the human race had deciphered, the human race had obtained sorcery.
And then, humanity repelled Baphomet.
It was an opponent they had won against once.
They who had obtained even more power than the time of that victory, just what was it that they needed to fear after all this time.
{All members that have long range cannons are to attack at Baphomet altogether! Here we gooo–!!!!}
{ { {YEAH-!!!!} } }
The magicians that had recovered their confidence from Division Commander Hassad’s rally flew to the sky using <Air Raid> all at once.
“Ayumi! Leave the lookout of the surroundings to us. Ayumi, too, join them!”
“Ri, right-!”
Being told that by Rozaling, Ayumi too also filled the <Air Raid> with magic power and raised to the sky.
And then she chanted the sorcery among her repertoire that possessed the greatest range and firepower.
A huge magic circle was formed in front of her with size even bigger than her own body, there she gathered the magic power in the surroundings.
Before long the gathered magic power emitted pink light and formed into a giant light bullet—
{Now! Fireeeeee——!!!!}
“Magic Light Cannon FirePhoton Buster ————!!!!”
Together with Hassad’s signal, she fired the sorcery into Baphomet as a large beam of light.
Various colors of magic power, flashes, a great number of everything—
Beams of light that easily surpassed a hundred were fired at a single demon that was hovering in the air from all directions.
It hit at the same time.
Explosion sound that burst the ear and flash that pierced the eye exploded.

Most likely it was an attack with the greatest firepower possessed by the whole battle strength here.
{We did it!?}
Even while believing in their victory, Hassad focused his eye at the dense smoke that appeared.
—There, he suddenly saw the figure of the hovering Baphomet.
The smoke cleared, before long that figure became obvious in everyone’s eyes.
The most ineffective result from the most firepower they had.
Regardless—
(Lies……! Even a single wound……!?)
The body of the <General class> demon was completely spotless.
Correct. They were making a big misunderstanding.
—Hundred years.
The ones who passed those years and months, was not only the human race.
The demons too, if they also passed the same time, piling up diligent study same like the humans, then there was no reason for that difference to be closed.
{[redacted]—}
The baphomet who uninjuredly endured all the firing of the human race showed an active movement for the first time.
It pronounced something with a sound scale that humans couldn’t understand even when they tried to catch the word.
And then the baphomet slowly thrust its right hand to the front—
{[redacted]}
It reversed its wrist in a circle, with just that action, all the magicians that flew in the sky were struck down to the ground.
It was as if they were struck by an unseen hammer from the sky.
“KYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!”
Ayumi was also the same.
She screamed from the intense pain of hitting the ocher colored ground.
But, even so she couldn’t roll over her body.
She thought that she had to immediately stand up, but—her body couldn’t move.
She was being pushed by something from above? No—
If it had to be said which one it was, it was the sensation of her gravity being magnified several hundred times heavier. This was—
(Gra, gravity magic……!)
It was similar with no element fourth grade sorcery「Gravity Barrier」Gravity Bind, a sorcery that restraint the opponent by laying out a barrier of super gravity.
But, whether its scale or power, it was phenomenal.
However, that was only natural.
Humanity had only obtained the sorcery for around one hundred years.

On the other hand, the demons, they had lived from the far long time ago together with sorcery.
Of course there was a difference in the level of the sorcery between the two sides.
It was like a primitive man equipped with a stone spear was challenging an army that built a fortress, lined up with machine guns.
From the start it wasn't even a battle. It was undisputedly a massacre.
(No, way……-)
With a creaking sound, the bone raised a scream.
The pressure gradually became stronger, before long it would surpass the limit of human's strength.
(No! I don't want to die yet!)
Ayumi's whole face paled from the approaching gruesome death, she wanted to scream.
But, the super gravity pressured her lungs. Not even a scream was permitted.
She also couldn't ask for help.
The baphomet was only pointing its thumb below, that was it.
How could something this unreasonable be allowed.
Tears came out.
Even so, inside her heart, Ayumi desperately,
(Help me, —Homura-san-!)
Suddenly, she yelled the name that appeared in her mind.
That moment—

- bariin!* With a sound as if a glass was broken, suddenly the punishing pressure on the body was released.

What was broken was baphomet's Gravity Bind.
The one who broke it was—
{Ooo—ii, you guys. Is everyone still alive?}
The black magician flying from the other side of the sky leading the reinforcement.
<Evil God User> Kamishiro Homura.

Part 3

He detected the allies' danger from afar and went ahead solo.
Homura let flew a magic power slash and broke baphomet's Gravity Bind.
From behind him, the panicked Sumika let out the maximum output of <Air Raid> in pursuit.
"Ho, Homura-san—! Please don't fly ahead by yourself so suddenly!"
"My bad my bad. It looked like it would be bad if I don't interfere a little faster there."
"If that's so please say a word first. Certainly Homura-san is strong, but while <Aureole> is working you cannot use your full power right!? What are you going to do if something happens while you rush ahead by yourself! The right to command for this reinforcement is entrusted to me, so I won't tolerate anymore rash actions!"
"Got it got it. So don't yell at me with your face that close. I'll kiss you y'know."
"Hahii-!? Wh, whwhwhwh what are you saying in this time of crisis!"
Sumika's face blushed bright red and she *pyun!* cut through the air and took a distance from Homura.
In the view of that Sumika and Homura, Hassad's face was displayed.
It was general communication in an open channel.
{Oo, you are <Evil God User> if I remember right! Seems like the rumor of your return here is true! Sheesh, you really saved us there! Like this it's the second time I got my life saved by you.}
"Old man Hassad huh. It's been five years since I saw you. How much damage at your side?"
{Thanks to you there is no one dead, but there are a lot heavily injured. I want to pull back the defensive line temporarily and rally back our formation. Lend us your hand!}
"That's how it is leader."
"Do, don't call me leader just when it's convenient for you."
Suddenly having the attention directed at her, Sumika cut in between Homura and Hassad a little sullenly.
"You are lieutenant general Hassad of the seventh division isn't it? This is the 101st trainee platoon leader□Hoshikawa Sumika that is entrusted with the right of command of the reinforcement troops."

{Hoh, then you are the rumored S-rank magician. It's my honor to meet you.}
"Thank you very much. —I have understood the situation of your side. From here on we are going to move to reinforce so please prepare to retreat."
{Got it. I'll leave it to you!}
Having said that, Hassad cut the communication.
Surely he was preparing the retreat operation.
Sumika who confirmed that the transmission with Hassad had been cut then sent a transmission towards all platoons that were flying behind her.
"It's exactly as we heard. From here on we will reinforce the preceding troops. All the trainee platoons, don't face the <Knight class> independently by all means. Please fight them with units of platoon!"
{ { {Roger—} } }
High-spirited reply came back from the transmission.
In this aspect, it was just as expected from platoons with evaluation points more than 70. The height of their morale was different.
"Oi. Are we gonna move in platoons too?"
Suddenly Homura asked Sumika directly from the side.
The ability of the 101st's member was fairly high.
Rather than gathering together, the members should be used by scattering them for search-and-kill missions, that was his opinion.
Of course Sumika was also of the same opinion as that.
"Indeed. The 101st will spread out with their own individual duty. Shiori-san, I'll leave you to control the situation of the battle from a separate location. Please perfectly fulfill your role that is demanded of you from all the units just as usual."
Sumika first gave instructions to Shiori.
Shiori smiled wryly a little inside her heart from the content of that instruction.
(My my. You unexpectedly said that cleverly, leader.)
Shiori usually did only the minimum work as an <Operator> in her duty at the 101st platoon.
In other words she cut corners.
But, she fulfilled the minimum required work perfectly.
Using that habit back against Shiori herself, Sumika reminded Shiori that [I'm thinking that you are someone that perfectly fulfilled your duty as <Operator> in proportion with the situation you know].
"In other words you are telling me to not cut any corners right? I understand already."
Sumika nodded in satisfaction from Shiori's reply.
"I'm counting on you. Chikori-san please move independently following Shiori-san's instruction and rescue the allied platoon. Can you do that?"
"Absolutely noo— problemm—"
Chikori hit the front of her breast *gatsun!* that was too big for her small stature with her gauntlet.

Magic power that couldn’t be suppressed anymore surged out from her whole body, she was completely prepared for battle.
If it was the current her, she surely wouldn’t fall behind even against <Knight class>.
Then the thing that could become a problem was only the <General class> baphomet floating in the air, but—
“As for me naturally that goat face is my opponent then.”
At their side there was Homura, so this was also not a problem.
Although <Aureole> was applied on him, Homura’s power was above S-rank.
It was a power that was more than enough to contest baphomet.
For that reason Homura thought it was only natural for himself to face baphomet.
However, Sumika who was the commander in this place shook her head side to side against this proposal.
“No. Homura-san will rescue the allied platoons like Chikori-san. I will be the baphomet’s opponent.”
“—Hoshikawa, you?”
Hearing that Homura was going to warn off Sumika with a grim expression, but
“Please don’t look down on me too much. Even like this, I am a S-rank magician. I will make it somehow against just a single baphomet. Besides, there are heavily injured people in the preceding troop. Then Homura-san that can skillfully use healing sorcery is more suitable for rescuing duty. I’m not too skilled at healing sorcery. Dead humans cannot go home. [To live] [to keep alive] —those are the policy of how I operate my unit. You are going to obey aren’t you? After all Homura-san is my subordinate.”
Homura was countered back in return.
Sumika wasn’t trying to take up the baphomet as her opponent because of her vanity as a S-rank.
[To live] [to keep alive]
She didn’t change from when she was little. It was the right person in the right place under the girl’s policy.
Against that, Homura couldn’t talk back at all.
[To live] [to keep alive]. After all Homura also had the same ideal.
“…Okay. But I’m gonna cut in if the situation goes bad.”
Sumika nodded back towards Homura’s reminder—
“Then—, all members, mission start–!!!!”
She gave the signal for the operation’s commencement.

Part 4

Right after the operation’s commencement, it was Shiori who first showed the earliest movement.
While everyone else was heading to the area where battle was in progress, she remained alone in that place.
“—Connection startAccess.”
She activated her worn <Arms> that was a mechanized staff.
The sorcery core that was attached at the tip of the staff shined in bluish white, then the mechanized part at the tips of the staff opened like an umbrella.
When Shiori separated her hand from the staff, the staff raised until above Shiori’s head by itself, it began to rotate in circles, at the same time it began to display a great number of display frames around Shiori.
Shiori operated those displays with her fingers, as if she was a pianist that was playing the keyboard—
“Begin analysis of enemy force.
Simultaneously draw up the numbering and marker. Synchronization with the mission map.
Begin transfer of control of mission log. Damage confirmation. Damage data reconstruction—complete.
Enemy force’s trend analysis from the reconstructed mission log.
Adding the analysis content and reinforcement unit’s battle power, resetting the tactics table. —Complete.
Courses all clear. System online. —<Optimizing> the battlefield from now on.”
Saying that, Shiori hit the enter key of the display frame that was displayed using magic power particles.

—Instantly, a change occurred at the brain of all the people that were on that battlefield.

“Wha, thi, this is, what is this!?”
The one who raised that voice was a member of the seventh division that was isolated on the battlefield.
Because of the gravity attack just now, his <Air Raid> was broken and he opened the mission map in order to retreat.

Therefore he directly witnessed that change happening.

The mission map had the appearance as squares that was like a chess board projected inside his brain until now. Until now it only displayed the data of the rough position of him and his allies with points of lightmarkers on top of it. That mission map was now entirely rewritten, not to mention terrain data and the detailed distance between him and his allies, there was also the data about the current condition of his allies, on top of that even detailed information of enemy position and what kind of demon it was, complete with its detailed battle power, it was no exaggeration to say that everything of the battlefield was displayed there, the mission map had been transformed into a super high precision mission map that he had never seen before.
At the same time, Shiori's voice reverberated inside the brain of everyone on that battlefield.
{My apologize for the sudden intrusion. This is the <Operator> of the 101st trainee platoon, Onjouji Shiori.
While impolite I have hacked everyone's brain and reestablished the communication system.
It is now unified with a system of my own creation, <Heaven VoiceOracle>.
From now on I will take on the responsibility of being the Operator of all the platoons on this battlefield.
Follow my instruction, and don't do anything arbitrarily.
If everyone does that then I'll promise that everyone will return back safely."

He was dumbfounded from those words.

"I, impossible…! Even though there is not even a minute since the reinforcement came, she already hacked the brain of all the people in this place and seized control of the mind communication system…! Moreover to make this kind of system that displayed accurately every single one of the enemy force while doing all that…!"
Searching enemy, analysis, hacking, system resetting—
Just how many processes was she doing in this one moment.
That thought speed and calculation ability far transcended the performance of a human brain.
{Well then, I'll send my ghost to everyone's view, so the isolated platoons please follow her instructions.}
Together with those words of Shiori, an SD character that looked really similar with Shiori was displayed while raising *pon-* an oddly cute sound.
The girl appeared and flew in the air flappingly,
{This way this way—. It's really safe.}
As if to guide the isolated platoon members, she gave instructions of direction by pointing repeatedly with her finger.
It was a route where he absolutely wouldn't encounter the enemy and reached the ally's location, derived from enemy's position in real time and

enemy’s movement pattern that was derived from the mission log and demon data from the past.
By using this, the retreat succeeded without anyone, even the isolated platoon members, being left behind.
It was only natural. Where was the enemy located, where were they going.
Because they knew everything there wasn’t any way they would encounter any demons.
And then, to know that kind of information, it was largely effective not only for escaping, but even for attacking.
{Ten seconds until the encou-nter, the enemy is still not noticing!}
“Yossha—!”
At a different location on the battlefield, a seventh division’s platoon that was not heavily injured yet came out to the front line in order to cover for the retreating platoon.
Following the ghost’s instruction, they jumped out from the building’s cover and concentrated fire at the enemy’s flank.
The demons died without even noticing that they had received an ambush.
That extremely one-sided encounter made one of the platoon members laugh loudly.
“Hahaha-! This mission map is just too awesome!”
After all the enemy’s position was totally exposed from this side.
On top of the nonexistent possibility of receiving surprise attacks, even in the worst case, their side could launch an ambush as they pleased.
They could always take the preemptive attack no matter what.
For the people who were fighting on the actual scene, there was nothing more they could be thankful of than this.
“Yeah, really! With this I don’t get any feeling we can lose!”
“<Operator> that can process the enemy’s movement in real time, I thought only the S-rank in Shanghai life sphere can do this.”
“Wonder is she can quickly graduate and come to our place!”
The enemy searching’s effectiveness had ascended drastically due to Shiori’s <optimization>, the defensive line was recovered in the blink of an eye.
The national defense magicians followed the ghost’s instructions and decreased the enemy marker from the mission map rapidly.
Among them there was one person that vanished three until five enemy marker from the map just in an instant.
It was Ichinotani Chikori.
“Here I go—! Sure-kill magic that I just thought yesterday—”
While the girl trampled down the rubble, she faced five two-horned <Knight class> bicorns that were charging at her, Chikori herself was also not hesitating and ran at them from the front.
And then midway, she grasped an electric pole that was entangled in ivy, then she pulled it out from the asphalt using the superhuman strength of her Hero Skill <Peerless Herculean Strength>—

“THUNDER BLADE!!!!”
She swung it at the five bicorns that were charging at her in a parallel line.
{ { {HII—NN!!!!} } }
The crowd of bicorn that was struck from the side by the huge lethal weapon that was swung by an ogre’s physical strength, was blown away until the far away sky while scattering blood spurt. Five markers were extinguished from the mission map altogether.
However Chikori’s expression turned into dissatisfaction from the feedback of her attack.
“Ah, so that’s how it is. There was no more electricity flowing through this place. Mumumu. This is a technique where I need to choose the place to use it.”
In Chikori’s mind, she expected that the instant the attack struck the enemy, electricity would run through the enemy with [biri biri] sound while they got shocked by electricity.
Chikori’s face was a little dejected that she couldn’t do that.
The isolated platoon that was saved by such a girl could only stare while gulping their saliva.
“A, amazing.”
“Five bicorns got turned into stars with one swing just now…”
“That’s something stupid but still awesome-“
“The Thunder Blade, well, let’s leave that aside. Is everyone there okay? No one injured?”
Perhaps she had given up, Chikori lightly threw away the electric pole and moved towards the platoon that she had reinforced.
But, at that time, the ghost that was projected in Chikori’s view tensed its expression ‘kii-!’,
{Kyupii—n. Chikori-chan. Three wyverns are rushing here from the sky at five o’clock!}
The winged dragon <Knight class> wyverns that were in the distance sky were heading to Chikori with their jaws opened rushing at her direction, the ghost informed Chikori of that.
If it was usually, a surprise attack of wyvern from the sky was guaranteed to succeed.
After all, humans were extremely weak towards attack from the sky.
However the system that Shiori constructed had detected that surprise attack right from its earliest stage.
“Leave it to me!”
Therefore Chikori could easily deal with that.
She gathered her magic power in front of her chest, forming a large bullet of light the size of a basketball.
And then—
“GOOOOOOOOO!”
Kicking that ball, it was shot towards the three wyverns that were rushing here from the far away sky.

While breaking through the wall of the speed of sound, the bullet rushed through the sky with absurd speed approaching the wyvern in the middle of the three.
That speed was even faster than when Chikori shot down the target this afternoon.
However, here the targets were also <Knight class> demons.
{GYAN GYAN GYAAA!!!!}
They largely opened their mouth that was lined with disordered teeth and howled something, suddenly their movements became quick.
It was likely that they were using a type of sorcery that increased their own quickness.
The wyverns possessing in estimate three times the sped-up mobility evaded the light bullet that was approaching at supersonic speed, then keeping that speed they charged at Chikori. The current Chikori had just finished her attack so she was defenseless. If she was attacked then she couldn't dodge.
—Yet,
"Secret Technique□Multiplying Miracle Ball!"
The instant Chikori smiled daringly, the fired light bullet swelled up in the sky, and burst out.
The basketball-sized light bullet exploded, scattering in every direction ping-pong-sized light bullets.
It was completely like a firework.
Correct. This attack was a [buckshot] that had the assumption that it would be dodged from the beginning.
And then the scattered light bullet made the wyverns into bee hives from the back.
The wyverns whose bodies were now full of holes fell powerlessly to the ground, turning into dust.
"Strike! Yep. This one feels really useful!"
{Pachi-pachi-pachi~} [10]
"Ehehe, thank you thank you."
Chikori smiled bashfully from the ghost's applause.
It was the talent of Chikori that bloomed from Homura's interference.
It was not only a pure magic power.
How to use that excess magic power. And what kind of way that could apply that magic power to be even more effective.
There was no doubt that Chikori's battle sense that worked out one technique after another which didn't exist in any manual that suited herself was something natural.
And then, if one were to speak of the person himself who made that talent bloom—
"Mini-Shiori. Where to next?"
Homura didn't go to the battle proactively, instead he followed the ghost's instruction and went to reinforce the platoon that were isolated and had heavily injured persons as his priority.

{This way this way. It’s straa—ight ahead from here.}
In the mission map at his view, there was three ally marker that was isolated from failing to retreat.
When he read the detail of the marker, it displayed the 27th trainee platoon.
“The 27th trainee platoon, so it’s the platoon of Koga and her group.”
{…Master’s acquaintance?}
“They are classmates.”
While answering the question of Vel who was in the shape of a sword, Homura recalled how Anna was saying in the afternoon that they had patrol duty today.
Marker of demons were gathering one after another around the marker of Koga and her group.
If it kept like that then they would be surrounded and annihilated.
“We are speeding up. Follow me.”
{I’m just a vision inside your brain so I’m not actually doing anything even though I’m following you around like this you know—}
“Now that you say that, that’s right huh. Then here we go.”
Saying that, Homura drove his own body into even more speed and flew through the sky.
On the other side, at the direction where he went—
“Isn’t this reaa—lly bad! ‘Cause our ally is backing down they all are gathering here ain’t it!”
The 27th trainee platoon was unable to retreat and continued to fight on the spot.
Linking up with Anna that was on top of the steel tower, they were intercepting the demons that climbed past the mountain of rubble that was functioning as a blockade.
Why were these girls not running away?
The reason was—
“Roze! You still cannot cut it!?”
“It’s no good. I can’t make even a single cut!”
Behind Anna.
There was Ayumi there whose lower body was sewed to the ground by a large amount of white strings.
It was an earth spider’s mucus string.
That string that was both far harder than steel and elastic like rubber captured Ayumi and wouldn’t let go.
Even with Rozalind trying her best to sever the string using her blade, the hardness and elasticity easily repelled the blade and not even a single cut could be produced.
While they were doing this, they were left behind.
Looking at the mission map, they could see that more than thirty enemy marker were continuously gathering aiming for their group that had been left behind at the front line.
Ayumi yelled in such a despairing situation.

“I, it’s fine already, Rozalind-chan! Anna-chan! Just leave me behind!”
“Rejected.”
“There is no way we can just abandon Koga-chi. It’s just out of the question-!”
“But if it keep like this then everyone—”
They would be dragged down with her because of her fault.
Those words that were colored by self-condemnation were interrupted by Anna’s smile.
“It’s okay. Besides, if we wait just a little more—see there, he came!”
Along with those words, Anna looked up to the sky.
Over there, Homura that was wrapped in wind literally came flying.
“Homura-san…-“
“Yo. Looks like I can’t say that you are safe huh. Looks like the earth spider got you.”
“It’s frustrating but my sword skill cannot cut this. Sorry but lend me your help.”
“I came for that even without you telling me y’know. First I’ll clean up the small fry around. Just wait a sec’.”
While saying that, Homura raised his left hand that was not holding the sword above his head—
“A Hundredth of All Kinds of Spirits and GoblinsPandora Box.”
He invoked a dimension element fifth grade sorcery.
What appeared on top of his raised left hand was a small shining cube the size of a rubik’s cube.
That cube was suctioning the surrounding air altogether with the demons.
Whether it was the goblins moving while hiding between the building cover,
Or the gargoyles in the sky holding a lance that it was going to be thrown,
Or the earth spider pushing its way through the rubble,
Everything was indiscriminately and randomly swallowed continuously.
Finally the more than thirty demons in their surroundings were all settled inside the cube.
It was a harvest that remarkably deviated from the volume of something in the size of a rubik’s cube.
However that was a mystery of sorcery.
It could locally transform the space’s scale factor to gather a large amount of enemy into a space the size of a human palm.
And then—
“—Whoops.”
Homura used the black sword he held in his right hand to vertically cut apart that cube where the demons were stored.
Naturally, what was cut included the demons inside.
Instantly, the cube was destroyed, and then along with a flood of fresh blood from inside, the corpses of the bisected demons flew out.
The demons that numbered more than thirty were all gone in a single stroke.

With that skill and relaxed attitude, rather than calling the act a massacre it should be called as a clean up.
{In the surrounding 100 meters, noo— shadow of enemy.}
After the ghost's voice confirmed the enemy's annihilation, Homura slowly descended down in front of Ayumi. And then,
"You guys done well to hold out until now. I'll help you now."
Homura cut up the earth spider's string that was restraining Ayumi easily like cutting butter.
"It, it's really got cut so easily. It feels like I'm losing my confidence when I see this."
"No need to depreciate yourself like that. If you ask which one it is, then it's not a difference between skill, but just a difference between weapons. After all my partner is not an <Arms>, but the pinnacle of <Legendary Exoteric ArmamentArtifact>. Using this thing, even Rozalind can cut something like this easily."
At any rate the true identity of this Artifact was a part of an evil god. This was the personification of that.
Its spiritual rank couldn't be compared to something like your everyday holy sword.
Therefore just by touching its blade a little to the target, most [divine protection] and [sorcery] would be cut.
Most of all—
"But I'll be driven mad anyway the moment I hold that right?"
"You really get it huh."
Homura's shoulder shook while he was chuckling.
Just as Anna said, <Liber Legis> was a man-eating evil book that had destroyed the minds of tens of thousands of people until now. If an average human was touched even only by a fragment of that blasphemous knowledge, that human would surely live his whole life in la-la land.
It was a demon sword that could be handled by Homura exactly because he had completely deciphered the grimoire.
"C'mon, if you can move now then quickly regroup with the main force."
"Th, thank you very much-. Homura-san has helped me so many times…-"
"It's only obvious to save an ally. You ain't need to say thanks or anything."
Homura sent back Ayumi's gratitude curtly.
—'But', after saying that, he looked up to the sky.
"If you want to say thanks no matter what, say it to the one that right now is properly holdin' back the most troublesome guy."
At the end of that gaze, was the cloudy sky—there were falling stars there.
Golden and red light.
The two falling stars trailed lines of light behind them with terrific speed while crossing the sky, sometimes they collided, blinking while scattering sparks.
Correct. Homura could run around like this reinforcing other squad was because the monster that cornered the preceding squads almost into

annihilation just by one attack, the <General class> demon, baphomet was being continuously held back by only a single magician.
(‘Don’t look down on me’, huh. Just sayin’ that, is something great already.)

Part 5

Far above.
At the height where it almost even reached the clouds, collisions of stars were repeated.
Star with golden brightness and star that shined with ominous blood red entangled with each other in a dogfight.
Sumika and Baphomet's aerial fight at subsonic speed didn't yield even a single step at each other and it became a fierce struggle.
That reality exasperated the <General class> demon baphomet into irritation.
The race called baphomet was a prominent magician even in the demon world.
It was shameful to be unable to overcome a human at a sorcery battle.
{[redacted]!!}
Howling something with pronounciation that a human couldn't comprehend, the demon thrust out its right palm at Sumika who was in pursuit.
Instantly. A bluish white giant magic circle was deployed with the palm as the center, from there several dozen spears of ice were fired.
This was also the technique of the demon world that was far more advance than the human's sorcery culture.
A single shot of that ice spear couldn't be defended just by a single sorcery barrier of a human.
There were dozens of such spears. —In addition the baphomet shot those out in rapid-fire like a machine gun.
But Sumika didn't falter against that.
Without even decreasing the magic power she burned as fuel for <Air Raid>, Sumika maintained her speed and flew at the barrage of ice spears.
And then—
"—Bend."
With compressed chanting that was shortened until the very limit, Sumika invoked a dimension element third grade sorcery□Space Curve.
It twisted the space itself in front of her.
The ice spear too couldn't move straight with the space itself twisted.
Smoothly, the spears' trajectory changed as if the spears were avoiding Sumika, flying at the wrong direction.

Correct, just receiving everything with a sorcery barrier was not the defense method of a magician.
Certainly the baphomet had the advantage in firepower.
But Sumika was the one who was extraordinarily skilled in taking instant decisions.
That quick-wit didn’t allow baphomet to land a decisive blow.
And then even in the offense aspect—Sumika was gradually pressuring baphomet.
“____-“
After dodging baphomet’s sorcery, this time it was Sumika who commenced the attack.
Preparing her two revolvers, Sumika shot all the total of twelve bullet loaded into the magazine in an instant.
Naturally, baphomet didn’t just let itself get hit by those easily.
The speed of the bullets was roughly in the speed of sound.
Then if it just moved faster than that it would be easy to evade.
Baphomet used acceleration sorcery on itself and broke the sound barrier instantly to soar in the sky.
Shooting at it was meaningless with this much speed—that was how it should be, yet
{[redacted], [redacted]——!!!!}
Suddenly baphomet leaked out cries of pain and its movement was dulled.
The reddish black liquid scattered at the surrounding air, was baphomet’s blood.
If one was looking there was twelve holes opened on its body.
The bullet that should have been evaded, that it should be able to evade, had all hit it.
Baphomet was confused by that mystery.
But, it was only something natural from Sumika’s point of view.
Her contracted heroic spirit <Gun Saint> Billy the Kid’s <Quick Shot> wouldn’t miss.
The shooting of that hero who carved his name as legend, was a devilish technique of absolute accuracy that bound the cause and effect of [impact] at the same time of [shooting].
That devilish technique already didn’t need the process of shooting the bullet before the bullet hit the opponent. It was a curse that created wounds due to the effect of absolutely hitting the aimed opponent the moment the firing hammer of the gun hit the detonator of the bullet.
“____-“
Sumika wasted no time to unleash chantless Photon Bullet in pursuit of baphomet whose movement was dulled.
Even with baphomet immediately deploying a barrier to defend against that—

The instant the Photon Bullet impacted the shield, Sumika reloaded her revolvers once more and unleashed <Quick Draw>, gouging new holes at baphomet's large body,
{[redacted]——!!!!}
Anguish reverberated in the sky.
The shooting that passed through even the barrier steadily weakened baphomet.
The struggle of aerial fight was already in the process of breaking down.
Sumika had already grasped the premonition of victory, while baphomet was certainly hearing the footsteps of defeat behind it.
During such happening,
—A certain strategy flashed in the mind of the demon who had a premonition of its own defeat.
{[redacted]!}
Baphomet ascended further above while scattering blood from its wounds.
It climbed until the height where the back could even touch the clouds.
And then it raised both its hands above its head and chanted a spell with the language of the demon world—
Above its hands, it created a light bullet with diameter around five meters that emitted aurora just like the sun.
Was that an energy bullet created from magic power?
No.
Sumika realized its true nature in a glance.
A fake sun—it was not. That was truly, something the same like a sun.
It was a super high density plasma body, made by extremely condensing space and atmosphere.
Nuclear fusion was repeated at its center, it was a tiny pseudo sun.
There was no way she could get hit by that.
If she was hit then not even ash would remain.
After all it was an energy body that could possibly even evaporate a country.
She had to absolutely avoid that, that was what she thought.
"——ah!"
However—right there Sumika noticed.
The position of herself and the enemy, the meaning of the enemy moving until far above the sky.
Correct, baphomet was, overlapping the firing line.
If Sumika evaded, the allies below her would be annihilated.
{[redacted]——!!!!}
Howling with a voice that one could feel joy from it, baphomet threw the pseudo sun it created.
The target was naturally Sumika.
The speed of that pseudo sun could by no means be called fast.
It was far slower than the ice spears from before.
It was a speed that one could easily deal with if they wanted to dodge.

But—even so, Sumika couldn’t dodge.
Right below here was her comrades. If she dodged here, the damage below would be enormous.
Therefore she couldn’t dodge. Unable to evade Sumika stood still in the air.
She couldn’t help but do that.
It was just as baphomet planned. Baphomet’s mouth warped from being sure of its victory,
“I have waited for you to let your guard down like that.”
Because it was confident, its reaction to everything was slow.
Sumika summoned a crimson file during a moment that didn’t even reach an instant.
It was a file of manuscript, the knowledge of a great number of grimoires that she herself had copied.
Opening that file, Sumika unhesitatingly chose several sheets of loose-leaf and tore them.
It was the pieces of paper that Sumika chose. It was the grimoire written in the sixth century Persia by Nestar Mobedan Mobed.
[Letters of Nestar], it was the duplicate of that.
And then with that duplicate in hand, Sumika closed here eyes, —and said the words that connected herself with the abyss of space.

Listen from beyond o the most shining person at the abyss of heaven and earth
The seething stars shine radiantly in blasphemy I inform thy the engraving of fate
Living flame o the king of red Formalhaut
Arrival reign trample
In this occasion right now in order to exhibit thy supremacy on this star

During an instant of the blink of an eye, yet in calmness, the words were clearly spinning like a song.
Along with the words, the piece of paper was wrapped in flames and its shape was transforming into a golden bullet.
And then Sumika quickly loaded the bullet into her revolver—

“Burn to nothing. —<Flaring God> Cthugha!!!!”
The constellations of the Southern Fish α. The evil god <Great Old One> imprisoned inside the star that burned the brightest in this space.
Along with the true name of that person that was hidden in the abyss, Sumika pulled the trigger of the <Grim Bullet>.
Instantly, what burst out from the gun muzzle was—flame that burned bright red.
That flame distorted the surrounding space and air with abnormal heat while growing huge.

Before long—it became a giant lion, running in the sky with claws that resembled crystals.
It aimed at the baphomet in a straight line.
Baphomet couldn’t react.
Its carelessness due to its confidence in its victory made its judgment late for an instant.
And then that moment that was even less than a hundredth of a second decided the battle.
Even faster than an instant, the flaming lion reached very near the baphomet.
Opening its jaws that was lined up with fangs made of flame, it swallowed the baphomet together with the pseudo sun.
The living flame, the personification of god who had the shape of flame, erased that demon without leaving behind even a single dust literally.

Chapter 5

Part 1

High in the cloudy sky.
In the sky where the light of the living flame disappeared, the figure of the baphomet was gone.
In the mission map, the marker that was assigned to baphomet had also gone already.
All the people on the battlefield raised their voices in great joy knowing that fact.
“We, we did it—!”
“Awesome! So this is the power of a S-rank magician that only ten people in the world can claim to be!”
“Yo—sh! Only the small fries remain! We are going to clean them up in one go!”
With Sumika destroying baphomet, the moral of all the magicians that were on that battlefield were heightened to the max.
With the most dangerous threat removed, the National Defense Magicians gathered their strength and began the extermination of the demon remnants.
The enemy markers on the mission map were vanishing one after another.
The situation at the National Defense Magicians’ side made a comeback in one go.
The troop of demons was routed, they began an escape that was really crude to be called as a retreat.
It was fine already to judge the situation as the National Defense Magicians’ victory.
Shiori who was observing everything from the far sky believed that to be true.

At the same time with that confidence, a transmission from the commander of the seventh division, Hassad, came at the corner of her field of vision.
{Shiori, I believe? My thanks for your cooperation. Thanks to you a lot of the troops were saved.}
Shiori returned a small nod towards his thanks.
{Even though we are still trainee, but we are shouldering the same duty. So you don't need to mind it. Rather than that, I think the situation has calmed down to the level that that the seventh division alone is enough to deal with it. Do you mind if we begin withdrawing the student magicians soon?}
{Right. Of course. Can I entrust you with the withdrawal's instruction?}
{…Yes. I will take responsibility for this side, so I'll leave the extermination of the enemy remnants to the seventh division.}
{Got it. You really helped us today. Thank you.}
With that thanks as his last words, the transmission from Hassad was cut.
At the same time, Shiori sent the sign and route for withdrawing to all the students.
Later, her ghosts should guide them and finish the withdrawal.
If she had worked this much then even Sumika shouldn't have any complaint.
"The situation is over isn't it?"
Shiori took a breath and relaxed her body from tension.
After that, she looked at the north sky once again where the threat had gone.
She was looking at the young S-rank magician that was hovering there.
"But even so, there is no other way to say it than 'just as expected'."
Shiori who had watched the battle between Sumika and baphomet from the same sky leaked a voice of admiration.
If it was a S-rank magician, then it was only natural for them to defeat a <General class>.
This situation could be viewed with that way. Yet,
To be this strong at that age.
As expected it was unusual.
That strength… reminded Shiori of a memory inside her, of the <Book Burning Corps> that once existed in the <Knight Order Without Borders>.
She might even rival the strength of that elite squad that included Homura when he was young.
(If it's this person, perhaps……)
—Then, at that moment where Shiori stopped her thinking due to such idle thought, that change happened.

Part 2

“Haee—, as expected Sumika-chan when she gets serious is amazing isn’t she?”
Far below the sky.
Rozalind nodded in agreement to Anna’s murmured words that were said while she was looking at the sky from between the tilted buildings.
“Yes. There is a magician of the same age as us that is this strong. …We too mustn’t lose.”
“Ain’t that right—. But the withdrawal instruction has come already, this is the end for today.”
Saying that, Anna gave out instructions to her own subordinates that were Rosalind and Ayumi.
“Let’s withdraw. As expected my eyes are pretty tired here.”
After that she turned to Homura that had saved them and expressed her thanks.
“Thanks so much for today, Homura-kun. We narrowly escaped death.”
“Really, thank you, very much-“
Ayumi who was the person that got helped also swiftly bowed her head.
“I said it already. If you want to say thanks just say it to the leader.”
“Well, we are going to say thanks to Hoshikawa-chan too, but Homura-kun had also helped us. —Ah, that’s right. Looks like today we can withdraw early, Homura-kun, can you eat together with us later? I‘ll treat you today as thanks you know~?”
“Oh? Really?”
Treat. Homura showed a reaction to that word.
Being stuck with the label of [traitor], Homura’s monetary situation where he couldn’t even get a decent job was basically always under pressure.
“If you’re gonna treat then there ain’t any way I’m not going.”
“That’s really greedy.”
“I’ll take whatever I’m given except for disease.”
“Then, let’s go back together. Homura-san-“
“Yeah.”
Homura returned a nod towards Ayumi’s voice and followed behind the withdrawing three.
No, he was going to follow them.
But his step immediately stopped.

“……”
And then, Homura looked up at the cloudy sky with a sharp gaze as if glaring at something.
“What’s wrong?”
Rozalind asked Homura who suddenly stopped walking.
But, Homura didn’t respond to her voice,
“Oi, oi, are you serious?”
With a powerful kick that exploded the ground, Homura flew to the air.
“Wh, what, just what in the world—”
“Looks like he is heading to Hoshikawa-chan’s direction, but, has something happened?”
Anna and Rozalind saw off Homura who suddenly flew to the sky in puzzlement.
Even though the battle had ended already, just what made him that panicked they wondered.
That was what the two were thinking.
But, Ayumi who was opening her mission map by chance in that place was,
“Anna-chan! Rozalind-chan! Look at the mission map!”
—She saw the moment of that unusual event.
And then, the one who witnessed that was not only Ayumi.
“Eh, wha, what, this is”
“Oi oi, what is happening!?”
Commotion was happening everywhere on the battlefield, many agitated voices could be heard.
Why?
The reason was in the mission map that they saw.
The sky above the battlefield.
There, marker that showed the enemy position, one, two, three, five, spots of enemy markers were increasing.
The number of markers was gradually increasing with the momentum like raindrops blotting the map, before long new markers that numbered more than fifty were created.
The fact that was indicated by that display, was enemy reinforcement.
But, everyone’s attention was not directed there.
Such thing, was only a trivial matter right now.
What they were staring at, was not the markers that had just increased into more than fifty,
But the marker with remarkably enormous size, that was gradually blotting the center of those markers.
“-——!?”
They looked above.
With the same timing, everyone looked up at the sky.
At the end of their sight, the cloudy sky distorted, white lightning scattered, what appeared was—a new army of the demon race.

A gigantic… an enormous golden dragon clad in lightning with size that made one hallucinate that it might have the size of thousands of kilometers, and
Surrounding that dragon, black humanoid demons that numbered more than fifty.
In the back of the mind of everyone that was dumbfoundedly looking up at that, Shiori's voice that was exuding a little uneasiness reverberated.

{…Emergency situation occurred. The force of enemy reinforcements has been confirmed.
The classification of their lineup, <General class> baphomet—66.
And then… unknown dragon-type gigantic demon—1.
Further the presumed ability of this unknown demon is equivalent to Typhon. There is no doubt that it's a <Demon King class>.}

That demon would later be named the <Demon King Jambure>, it was the second <Demon King class> demon's invasion in human history.
"This is, a lie…… right?"
"Even though just one baphomet… is impossible already."
"Again, will that thing, start <Walpurgis Night> again……!"
Everyone that were in this place had witnessed and knew about <Walpurgis Night>.
Just how much unreasonable strength a <Demon King class> demon possessed.
It was like looking at a giant comet that was falling to the earth.
A symbol of ruin that they couldn't do anything against, that they could only laugh.
A part of the people there had their fighting spirit taken away thoroughly, they dropped their weapons and fell to their knees.
However, just who in the world could blame them?
With this, enormous coiling golden dragon that covered the whole sky as their opponent, just how in the world a human that was at most only two meters high could win against it.
And then—as if to laugh scornfully at the humans, Jambure lifted its long neck,
It opened its enormous jaw.
Instantly, bluish white light surged out from under the golden scales that covered Jambure's whole body,

{High magic power reaction on a level that is impossible to measure from the enemy <Demon King class>! All hands, escape as far away as possible!}

Almost at the same time with Shiori's warning, a beam that was bundled from several million lightning was fired from Jambure's mouth.

breath of lightningDivine Breath that stole all color and dyed the world white surged out in a straight line heading right below Jambure, towards the S-rank magician that defeated baphomet, and everything that survived at the battlefield below.
“A, …….ah,”
Facing the approaching burning white, Sumika that was just right below it couldn’t even escape.
She was swallowed by the pressure of <Demon King class> that she witnessed for the first time from really close.
That was why she could only accept that destruction in the air—

“MOVEEE!!!!”

Her body was thrust away by Homura who ascended vertically from the ground.
“Ho, Homura-san-!”
Sumika reflexively called that name.
But Homura didn’t even look at her, he thrust out his left hand at the approaching Divine Breath, and deployed a barrier of pentagram <Ancient SealElder Sign> so huge that it completely covered the whole battlefield. It blocked the demon king’s attack right from the front.
“OOOOOOooOOoooOOooOoOoooooOO–!!!!”
Raising a howling voice, Homura wringed out all the power he possessed and maintained the barrier.
The Divine Breath that was obstructed by the pentagram barrier had several lines of light scattered from it and pierced the ground.
It blew away abandoned buildings, gouged the land, evaporated bodies of water, and blew away the sacred mountain that was visible from afar right from its base. [11]
A power so great that it changed the terrain of the earth itself.
But against that abnormal pressure, Homura bit his teeth and pushed back,
—He somehow held out against the attack.
However,
“Chih. …As expected, picking a fight with a <Demon King class> with <Aureole> attached is a bit troublesome.”
The compensation for that was heavy.
“Homura-san! Yo, your arm is……-!”
{Master…-!}
Sumika beside him and Vel, the two of them screamed.
Homura’s left arm that blocked the Divine Breath was hideously burned, the majority of that arm was turned into black charcoal.
His flesh melted, and his bone was exposed in some places.
It was a heavy injury to the degree that even recovery sorcery might not be able to heal, but Homura,
“Aah, don’t mind it. It’s not really a big deal.”
Homura bluffed while his forehead sweated from enduring the pain.
“The, there is just no way it’s not a big deal…!”
{Master, why didn’t you use me as a shield…!?}
“Aah geez, you guys are noisy. It ain’t the time to prattle about things like that y’know.”
After yelling at the restless two, Homura looked up straight at the sky.
Correct, right now is not the time to say that it’s hurt or it’s painful.
The second invasion of a <Demon King class>. Right now such a thing was truly happening.
Then, there was only one way left to oppose this.
Just like there was no way to defeat Typhon but one.
“—This is as far as I go, huh.”

With a small voice, Homura leaked out those words, he then asked a question to Shiori that was far away with mind transmission.
“Shiori. Has the permission for limited release come?”
{No. It still hasn’t come yet. Otou-san and also Kinugasa-san are hurrying it, but looks like those guys are reluctant.}
(Well, I imagined already that it’s like that though.)
“…Really, what a bunch of hopeless old geezers.”
With his eyes quietly getting angry, Homura made a single decision inside himself.
The demon king floating in the sky was already entering the preparation for the second Divine Breath.
He guessed its preparation was longer than before was because this time it was gathering just that much power.
If it kept like this then he wouldn’t be able to defend against the second attack.
He had a way that he didn’t really want to do, but life that was lost now couldn’t be replaced.
“Shiori. I’ve got a request.”

Part 3

The matter about the appearance of Jambure that was presumed as <Demon King class> near the Tokyo life sphere, was immediately notified towards Orion Tower that was the center of the <United World Government> located in Detroit life sphere, the Five Great Leaders that were doing a meeting for the <One Year Plan> just before this stayed in place for the countermeasure meeting against the newly appeared demon king.
However that meeting was only a meeting in name.
Five years ago. The time when there was still more than a hundred countries in this world.
Even by mobilizing all the magicians and the armies of those countries that numbered more than a hundred, they still couldn't win against the <Demon King class> demon.
Things that humanity could do against this threat were particularly non-existent.
They could only lament the situation.
"What a thing to happen…! Just in five years, a new <Demon King> class appears again……!"
"Even so, it's great that we can have five years until something like this… maybe it's better to say that I wonder…"
The image of Jambure was projected in the hologram above the middle of the round table.
The president of America, Joseph Franklin, and Britain's prime minister, Leti Cline, that were watching that made a heavy sigh.
In contrast the one who raised his voice was the secretary general of China Republic Union, Wan Tairon.
"O, oi! The hell are you doing just getting dazed like that! <Evil God User> is there right! It's fine if we just make that guy fight!"
"Ah, right. That's right! The one that can oppose <Demon King class> is only him!"
"If I remember right the petition for limited release already came right?"
"Then quickly approve that limited release —"
"It's unnecessary."
" " "Eh?" " "

Suddenly, a heavy voice remonstrated the three who were talking so vigorously that they might have bitten their own tongue.
It was the voice of the highest leader of the Holy Path Church, Innocentius.
“Your grace!?”
“O, oi oi! Just what d’you mean by that!?”
“If, if it goes like this then Tokyo life sphere will be erased from the map you know!? Do you understand that!?”
“Whether that place is erased from the map or anything, is there a problem? It’s nothing more than an erasure of those heretics in Tokyo life sphere. Isn’t that fine, even if they are erased right now.”
Innocentius said out those cruel words with a calm voice until the very end.
And then as if to support that opinion, Soviet’s supreme ruler, Gregorio Rasputin, that hadn’t opened his mouth until now continued after Innocentius.
“In the first place there is little benefit for us even if we let Japan remain. It’s obvious that they will be a hindrance for the <One Year Plan>. Perhaps this is a good move for them to be destroyed by the new demon king altogether with the <Evil God User>.”
“That’s…… perhaps it’s just as you say.”
“Bu, but if the <Evil God User> dies, just who will take care of the <Demon King class>!?”
“There is no problem at all regarding that matter. The <Messiah Creation Plan> has already ninety percent complete.”
“ “ “____–!” ” ”
Hearing Innocentius’ words, the expressions of the three people other than Gregorio were colored in shock.
That was only natural. It was because the <Messiah Creation Plan> that was said just now, was a project of absolute secrecy that had importance rivaling even the <One Year Plan>, a plan to create a pawn that was loyal to them possessing a power that rivaled the <Evil God User>, so that they wouldn’t need to rely on the <Evil God User> forever.
“Tha, that plan was already, advancing until a stage that can be implemented!?”
“Indeed. The <Messiah> has already awakened.”
“O, ooh!”
“Therefore, there is not a single problem at all. Rather, this demon king’s invasion is a great fortune for us. A new demon king that destroyed the messiah before. That demon king will be destroyed by our Messiah. And with that, this time, we will become the rulers of this world, both in name and reality.”
“Magnificent-! If the <Messiah> has already reached that stage, certainly the <Evil God User> is unneeded!”
“With this we can discard that annoying man.”
The good news that Innocentius brought about excited the atmosphere of the place.

Then they didn’t need to do anything regarding this case with Jambure.
After they made sure that Homura who was tied by <Aureole> got killed, they could depart for the battle with ease.
The moment the opinion of the Five Great Leaders was settled like that—it happened.

{As always, you guys are thinking of good-for-nothing matters.}

Suddenly, a voice filled with contempt resounded inside the room, noise was running from the display that was projecting the figure of Jambure.
And then at the next moment, at the display that was projecting Jambure’s image until now—the figure of <Evil God User> Kamishiro Homura was reflected.
“Wha——-!!!!”
“<Evil God User>!? Ho, how can you be in this screen…!? Besides this voice is…!”
{There is an expert of magic power transmission that can do as she pleases with magic power communication network throughout the world at this side y’know. I got her to take over the transmission system of Orion Tower for a little.}
“……So it’s that experimental body.”
The solidness of Orion Tower’s magic power transmission mechanism was number one in the world.
To so easily take it over, was something even Homura couldn’t do.
But in this world there was only one person, a human with transcendental proficiency that far surpassed human standards for this kind of thing.
Realizing about that existence, Innocentius warped his face in annoyance.
And the looking down at that Innocentius from the display, Homura continued his words.
{Well, it doesn’t matter what you guys are sneakily doing there, but right now is an emergency situation. You guys understand my reason accessing this place right? Currently a <Demon King class> has appeared besides Tokyo life sphere. It cannot be dealt with if not with me as the <Evil God User>. That’s why approve the limited release of <Aureole> quickly. The contact from Kinugasa should have come already.}
Homura threw that demand at them with a disrespectful tone.
The one who responded towards that demand was Joseph, who talked while wiping the sweat at his forehead with a handkerchief.
“Ah, yes. Right. Of course the contact has come. But the limited release of <Aureole> is an absurdly big decision even for us. By a certain degree, the <Evil God User> is feared by the people even more than the demon king. It’s unimaginable just how great the disturbance that will run among the populace if that power is released. We need to pile up deliberation on top of deliberation, there is a necessity to make a comprehensive decision by including every factor. At the very least after one more hour…..”

Homura scoffed at Joseph's mumbling reply.
{Hah. Don't give me an answer with your aim that transparent. —If you bastards have that kind of intention then I'll say my piece too. I've got no more intention to let somebody die in front of my eyes for the second time. That's why if right now you bastards are sayin' that you won't release <Aureole>, I'll use my own power to bust out <Aureole>.}
"There is no way you can do something like —"
{You think I can't?}
Saying that, Homura who was above the sky far away from Detroit life sphere intentionally flowed his right hand with power.
The suffocating pressure that usually surrounded his own body as if he was inside the deep sea.
He wielded his power intentionally trying to shake off that pressure.

That moment— the planet trembled.

As if creaking,
As if cracking,
Along with the sound of fatal destruction that brought about terror just by hearing it, the earth shook.
Against that shaking, Joseph felt sweat gushing out from his back.
(Co, come to think of it, <Aureole> is, a magic that is using the power of earth itself to continuously seal his power.)
'Then—could this shaking possibly be', a chill that was near conviction ran through his body.
And then after that,
{I, i-i, it's a disaster president!}
Due to an urgent transmission from the top secret facility underground the South Pole where the installation of <Aureole>'s seal formula was built, that chill was immediately confirmed into fact.
{The pressure from the <Evil God User> is suddenly raising, it's in the process of surpassing the endurance of <Aureole> underground the South Pole-! I, if it keeps like this the power will be unrestrainable and blow away the <Aureole>-! P, please give the evacuation order! Presidentttt!!!!}
It was a transmission filled with fierce alert sounds accompanied with explosive noises.
And then the voice of the person at the other side of the transmission that was at his wits' end, made all members of the Five Great Leaders convinced.
Homura didn't tell a lie or anything.
That he was able to tear off the collar of the <United World Government> by his own will anytime he wanted.
"That's, impossible……!"

“U, unbelievable. Then just why didn’t you try to get free from the seal all this time until now!? Even when you fought my army, ain’t you able to win even more easily like this!”
Tairon, who previously attempted to kill Homura by throwing the army that he had at Homura and instead had the table turned on him, awfully asked with all blood leaving his face. Against that question Homura,

{That’s obvious. —That’s because I myself understand, just what kind of existence I am.}

Without hiding anything, Homura made clear his own thinking.
Just how much terror an existence like him that possessed power outside of the norm would cause for the people.
Homura understood really well about that matter.
And then, he also understood how such reaction was correct, something that couldn’t be helped for a living creature.
For that reason, he pretended to be controlled by the <United World Government>.
The leaders of their own society, had put under their control the existence that possessed an unknown power.
It was for the sake of the weak people who couldn’t feel peace of mind unless they convinced themselves like that.
After all Homura himself didn’t wish to thoughtlessly threaten the people.
{But that too is depending on the situation. It’s fine at time when I have leeway. There is no need to release the seal for every single time I’m just playing around with you bastards. But—this time is different.}
The enemy was a <Demon King class>.
The power as the <Evil God User> was necessary to defeat the enemy.
Without it he couldn’t win.
If he couldn’t win—he couldn’t protect.
That was why, Homura asked—no, he threatened once again.

{After understanding that I ask once more?
Am I gonna bust off the <Aureole> like this and crush your honor to dust.
Or are you gonna release <Aureole> temporarily and order me to exterminate the demon king as the <United World Government>.
—Which one are you gonna choose?}

It was a forceful voice filled with killing intent.
“U, understood. We will acknowledge the limited release.”
The one who answered was Innocentius whose forehead was oozing sweat.
“Your grace! Is that fine!?”
“It’s fine. However the limited release will only be 30%. The time is 50 seconds.”
Hearing those conditions, Homura readily consented without any hesitation.

{That’s enough.}
And then the transmission was cut one-sidedly with his business with them finished.
At the same time, an oppressive silence wrapped the meeting room.
“Your grace……”
“…It can’t be helped. Letting that man rampaging as he pleased right now will affect our cohesive power.”
Innocentius emphasized to Joseph with an expression of anguish.
“However be thorough in the information manipulation. Until the end, insist that from the start we are the ones that give the order to that man.”
“Ye, yes…”
Joseph’s answering voice also didn’t have any dignity.
The feeling that was currently enveloping him was powerlessness.
They who until just now were thinking of the distribution of territory of the dismantled countries from the <One Year Plan>,
These Five Great Leaders who were holding the world in their hand,
Were they this powerless facing only a single kid that was at most just 17 years old, such thing was running in their minds right now.
However, after a while that feeling of powerlessness changed into selfish hatred that burned inside their hearts.
For a mere brat whose birth place was not even known, to dare to look down on they who were great rulers, it was something unforgivable.
Without fail, before long they would without fail teach that brat his place in this world.
Innocentius buried his nails into the sofa and ground his teeth.

Part 4

{Homura. The approval for thirty percent limited release just came.}
At the same time when Homura cut the transmission, that approval reached Shiori's side.
"Geez, wasting our time like this."
After hurling that abuse, Homura focused his consciousness through his whole body.
And then, he felt the ten curses that continuously bound him.
He obtained the sensation of the disappearance of three curses among those ten.
The feeling of oppression that constantly wrapped around his body as if he was in the bottom of the ocean was slightly mitigated.
"Limit 50 second. Seal formula of TenthMalchut, NinthYesod, EighthHod, limited release—confirmed."
Instantly, winds of darkness color surged out from Homura's whole body.
It was deep, black, with thickness as if it would completely coat the world itself, the magic power of Homura.
It was an aurora of darkness so thick to the degree it overshadowed even the lightnings of the dragon that were shining all over the sky.
During an instant of an instant, that aurora wrapped Homura's body and completely recovered his charred left hand.
It was far off from his full power, but right now it was enough if he could use just this much.
Correct, after confirming his own condition,
"From now on I'll exterminate all of you."
Homura glared at Jambure that was floating in the sky.
{[redacted]——!!!!}
Homura's magic power suddenly swelled up an order of magnitude higher.
Perhaps holding a wariness towards that fact, as expected the baphomets that were standing by around Jambure didn't stay quiet and moved all at once.
They flapped their wings of bat and rushed at Homura.
Their number was 66.
It was a sight of a great number of baphomets descending down from the cloudy sky.

The sight was a nightmare that was more than enough to drive the premonition of the Apocalypse day of destruction in the bible into the minds of the humans watching it.
“Ah……!”
The expression of Sumika who was flying besides Homura paled from the descending despair.
However Homura was not shaken in the slightest,
“It’s fine.”
He just gently said words to calm Sumika, and waved his recovered left hand straight to the side.
That instant—a starry sky was created behind him.
No—it was,
“This is, don’t tell me… Photon Bullet!?”
The one who was shocked was Sumika who remained in the air nearby.
Correct. What was formed behind Homura was not a starry sky, it was just something mistaken as a starry sky—a swarm of no element first grade sorcery□Photon Bullet that numbered far more than ten thousand in total.
Photon Bullet□Mode Genocide.
“Shot them down.”
Together with Homura’s command, the created swarm of light bullets that looked like a starry sky were shot all at once.
And then they broke the sound barrier the instant they were shot, intercepting the baphomets that were descending down through the sky.
The baphomets didn’t even have time to evade and attempted to defend from the barrage using sorcery barrier, but it was entirely pointless.
Although it was only thirty percent, the sorcery of Homura whose original power had been liberated wouldn’t be able to be stopped by the barrier of <General class> level.
The barrage of meteor that emitted dark aurora easily pierced the barrier as if tearing through wet tissue.
The baphomets were turned into beehives.
66… 42… 30… 18… 4…
The markers of baphomets on the mission map were disappearing one after another.
And then each time a single marker vanished, the remains of a baphomet that had been turned into a ragged cloth rained down.
“A, amazing…..”
“Those baphomets who are that strong, are falling like leaves.”
“Just a first grade sorcery, can have this much power?”
The people who were watching that scene from the ground were looking at that spectacle in mute amazement.
And then Ayumi, who was among those people, became aware of the true meaning of the words that Homura murmured in a small voice at the afternoon today.

{Well the truth is, it’s inefficient at the time you use something like guided missiles though.}

(…Certainly it’s like he said.)
In the first place the idea of a tracking bullet was an idea born from the premise that the opponent could dodge.
Homura thought.
For starters, there had already been a problem with that premise.
It was quite irrational to chase an opponent that could evade.
Against an enemy like that, it would be better if you made them unable to evade from the start.
It would be better to hit everything on the battlefield leaving nothing left with bullets as many as the stars in the sky.
By doing that a premise that the enemy could evade or anything wouldn’t occur. There would be no way it could occur.
—After all there was no gap to evade or any place to escape, none at all.
Before long the reaction of all the baphomets had vanished from the mission map.
The one-sided extermination as if crushing ants was completed in less than 20 seconds.
What remained in the sky was only the <Demon King class> Jambure.
{GAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!}
As expected from a demon king, it wasn’t defeated by a first grade sorcery.
However, as expected even a demon king felt the danger to itself from the scene that happened under its eye.
Together with a howling rage, Jambure gathered the power of lightning that it had stocked in its whole body at its throat, it once again was going to fire that Divine Breath that changed even the terrain.
But—
“Homura-san, please be careful! That breath is coming again!”
“I told you don’t panic.”
Correct. There was no need to panic. Why was that,

“Ain’t no way I’m letting it do that for the second time.”

Instantly, Homura’s figure vanished before Sumika’s eyes,
At the same time, Homura’s figure appeared before the eyes of Jambure who had lifted its long neck.
The two’s position should have the difference in altitude of about a kilometer.
Did Homura move with a speed that the eye couldn’t catch?
The answer, was different.
—The truth was he had [vanished] before [appearing] again.

Dimension element and time element of fifth grade composite sorcery
Imaginary Number TransferTeleport.
What was sealed from Homura because of <Aureole> was not just his magic power.
Not to mention his physical ability, even his thinking ability was constantly burdened by something like a grave fever.
But, right now even though it was only thirty percent, his original thinking ability—in other words his calculation ability was returning. For Homura who had recovered his power to that extent, including all kinds of factors, like the burden to the body when breaking through the sound barrier or speed decay due to air resistance when he moved normally, in his calculation was inefficient instead.
Dismantling his own existence until the unit of imaginary numbers once and then reconstructing his existence back using quantum teleport at the chosen coordinates, he could move far faster and efficient with that method.
And then the greatest merit of this Teleport, was the 100% guaranteed chance of taking the enemy's unguarded moment after closing the distance.
{~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~!?!?!?}
Facing Homura who suddenly appeared before its eyes, Jambure couldn't react.
Homura who used Teleport to appear before the shining jaw of Jambure that was leaking out lightning, rotated his body vertically just like that,
—and kicked the lower jaw of Jambure hard.
That blow was severe without compare.
Against that single strike possessing a heaviness that couldn't be imagined from that small body, Jambure's lower jaw was launched up and collided with its upper jaw forcefully.
And then now, it was exactly when Jambure was going to discharge the Divine Breath, so—
Suddenly, that beam that changed even the earth terrain lost its way out, producing great explosions inside Jambure's mouth.

{GIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!?!?!?}

Lightning burst inside its mouth, torn open its gums, evaporated its tongue, smashing its skull into pieces.
It didn't manage to kill the enormous demon, but it was a fatal enough wound.
Jambure screamed with a roar that reached even beyond the horizon, it began to fall to the ground from the sky while writhing. If it hit the ground surface like this, the impact would surely inflict large damage to this demon.
But that must not be let to happen.
If this enormous body that covered even the whole sky crashed to the ground, the people below wouldn't be safe in the aftermath.

Until it fell to the ground—it had to be killed.
That was why Homura closed his eyelids, and chanted.
…What he spoke was the soul of language exchanged with the abominable evil god that would make one hesitate.

Look up now the really high place of blue sky
The seething stars shine brilliantly in blasphemy announcing the engraving of fate to thy
The walking person riding the wind o god of the great white silence
Break the eternal admonishment and stand up tear up the sky and come here
Every stick and stone altogether for the sake of mowing down with thy power

That soul of language resounded at the cloudy sky in an instant that didn’t even take a second, however it was let out from the mouth like a nocturne with soft and slow melody.
Each time a single melody reverberated, the color of the sky turned deeper.
The ash-colored clouds that covered the sky turned muddy black, tinged with lightning.
Even the light of the sun that pierced through the cloudy sky and illuminated the ground was perfectly blocked, a darkness that was equal with the dark of night fell onto the land.
Anyone that was on the battlefield obtained a single premonition from the sudden change in the world.
—Something terrifying was going to happen.
Even something like <Demon King class> wouldn’t compare, a terrifying existence was coming closer, that kind of premonition.
And then, among those people, there was only one person—a person that didn’t merely have a premonition but a conviction.
It was, Sumika.
“-……!”
The girl hugged her shoulders from the chill that attacked her whole body, her breath was taken away.
The girl knew. What kind of thing those exchanged words were directed to.
The girl also had a chance to come into contact with a part of that power before. She had used it before.
The person riding the wind on foot. The god of the great white silence. The walking death. The person that subjugates the sky—
Feared in many names, the evil god <Great Old One>.
The true name of that person, it was—

“Rage madly. —<God of Raging Storm> Ithaqua!”

The instant Homura announced the hidden true name of the god in the correct sound scale,
—The thunder roared and the black sky split.

Part 5

At that time, all the people that were looking up to the sky saw that.
Ten black fingers that carried even deeper darkness than the black clouds covering the sky, were thrusting out from the clouds.
And then, the sticking out fingers took hold of the clouds, before they slowly pushed open the clouds to the left and right.
As if opening up a curtain, the sky was torn open until beyond the horizon.
The split open heaven and earth. What was peeking in from there was the universe of another world.
The stars shined bright in ominous light, the spreading black had no end in sight as if it would swallow everything.
And then—

In the middle of such a universe where everything was insane—it was there.

A gigantic… an absurdly gigantic size that made one didn't even understand if the concept of size could even be applied to it, of a corpse clad in black cloud and wind.
The spots that appeared to be eye sockets were filled with darkness even deeper than the black clouds, twin green stars were inside those spots while shining clearly in radiance like a pair of eyes.
This was exactly the true appearance of that person. [12]
This was not an avatar through a grimoire like that time with her <Grim Bullet>.
This was the true appearance of the person riding wind on foot.
"A, aa……!"
Here and there, the magicians that were looking up at the sky fell to their knees on the ground.
The appearance of the evil god that ought to be feared, froze anyone with dread.
That fear was beyond compare even with that time they saw Jambure, even the desire to live that was only natural for a living thing was erased from them.
If they could, they wanted their heart to just stop beating right now immediately.

Such wish was seriously floating in their hearts.
They held an unshakeable conviction in their mind from that grotesque god's appearance.
This thing, was absolutely not a person that was on their side, such conviction.
This was an existence that was overflowing with absurd evilness, and malice that was hard to describe, to the degree that the imagination of diminutive humans like them couldn't reach, to the degree that even those demons called <Demon King> couldn't even compare.
But, there was an existence here that such wicked people were submitting to.

"Do it."

With a word of the <Evil God User> Kamishiro Homura, he ordered the evil god <Great Old One> behind him. Thereupon—
{OOoooooo……nn}
With his word, the evil god that appeared by splitting the sky showed a movement.
It made a fist while making a voice that sounded like bellows, it pounded at the falling Jambure.
The fist of wind and cloud swung down like a hammer from the tear of the sky, striking at Jambure.
Instantly, Jambure's gigantic body froze.
The freezing happened one after another from the part where the wind and cloud formed by Ithaqua touched.
The golden scales that were frozen broke into powder due to the rampaging gale, torn off from the flesh, and taken away into the universe of another world.
After the scales, the flesh was next. After the flesh, the bone was next. The freezing moved starting from where the part was touched, and then crushed.
Finally—faster than Jambure's gigantic body could impact the ground, it went into the universe of another world.
The demon king died, the god left.
At the far above sky, with his scarf fluttering like wings, who remained was only the <Evil God User>, just him alone.
This was, the happening that occurred in slightly less than a minute.

Part 6

The moment the figure of Ithaqua couldn't be seen.
Homura felt his body was wrapped in a pressure like sinking into the deep ocean once more.
Passing over the limit of the limited release, <Aureole> operated once more.
"Just 50 seconds. That's a great work if I do say so myself.
Murmuring that, Homura put away <Liber Legis> into a subspace using sorcery.
A weapon was not needed anymore.
Only the markers of allies remained on the mission map.
After all Ithaqua had also taken away the slightly remaining demons on the ground while he was at it.
"Homura-san……"
Suddenly, a voice called out to Homura after the battle ended.
The one who called out was Sumika with her expression strangely tense.
"Hm? What's with you, making that kind of scary face."
"…Is the story just now true?"
"Just now?"
"About how you purposefully have your power sealed, is that true?"
Homura remembered from being asked that.
When he was in communication with the Five Great Leaders, she was right beside him.
"…Well, so you heard that because you are at the side. Keep it secret okay. After all it's gonna be troublesome if it gets leaked out."
There would be no meaning at all to put up a false show if this secret was completely exposed.
That was why Homura requested this earnestly to Sumika.
But, Sumika's expression became even more tense from Homura that was like that.
"Why are you doing something like that!? Such a thing, to suppress your own power by yourself…! It's just doesn't make sense! Even though if you fought with your full power right from the start, then… you won't be hurt like that!"
She was watching the fight from up close.

Homura’s arm was hideously burned with the majority of the arm turned into charcoal, she had witnessed that painful sight.
And also his expression that endured the pain.
For that reason she couldn’t come to terms with it.
If at that point of time he could destroy <Aureole> with his own power, then he should be able to defend against the demon king’s attack without having to bear a heavy wound, yet he didn’t do that by his own intentions.
Homura, hearing the question of the girl that was like that, he gave the same answer like when he was questioned by the Five Great Leaders through the transmission, just why he didn’t tear off his collar if he actually could do that anytime.
“’Cause if I was just left alone freely, many people are gonna piss themselves in terror.”
“Isn’t it fine for just something like that! It’s not like they are going to die from that-! Besides Homura-san is the person that has saved humanity once, aren’t you!? Just where is the need to be considerate to those people who cannot believe Homura-san despite all that to the degree that you have to expose yourself to danger!?”
Sumika declared that there was no need for all that.
However, Homura’s opinion was different.
“…I also get what Hoshikawa is saying. But, a scary thing is still scary.”
He directed his gaze to the ground.
Just what was Homura looking at? Sumika followed his gaze. And then—she noticed.
The many looks of terror, directed at Homura from the ground.
Those who were directing such looks at Homura, were exactly the national defense magicians whose lives were supposed to be just saved by him.
“That’s… if Homura-san didn’t fight they all would be killed, yet why…”
“It’s not really something strange. Not everyone is strong like Hoshikawa or Chikori. The ones that look at me yet don’t piss themselves are the extraordinary ones. To fear the existence that transcends your understanding is the correct reaction as a living being after all.”
—They had seen it.
The hard to describe grotesque shape of the evil god, that one would hesitate just to say it.
That was exactly why they were scared.
Something like that wasn’t supposed to be the ally of humanity.
There was no way an existence that could freely control something like that could be someone upright. That was what they thought.
“That’s why, telling them to [get used to it] is really pitiful right?”
“But, then… won’t you being misunderstood forever then-“
“Doesn’t really matter. Not like I want to be praised or idolized by anyone. …Besides, you guys are weak after all. Everyone will get killed if I’m not protecting them.”
He already had enough, having someone die in front of his eyes.

Exactly because Homura had lost a lot more than any other person, that such a thought was strong in him.
That was why he would protect.
He didn’t look for sympathy or praise.
He didn’t even think of wanting such things.
It was fine even if he was hated. It was fine even if he was feared. If he could just save even one more person with his power then—
That was Homura’s reason.
“…However, that’s… as if, it’s as if you are a slave isn’t it…-“
“Even if you said that you cannot understand no matter what, I don’t get any other reason than that, so I got no answer more than that y’know.”
“……”
Sumika’s expression showed that she still couldn’t accept it, but there was nothing else that she could ask or speak of anymore.
When Homura said that and finished up the talk,
“Then I’m gonna go back to the academy first. After all no matter what I do right now, it’s only gonna make them frightened.”
He left everyone else and flew away to the academy’s direction by himself.
His back became more distant with slow speed.
Looking at that back that was not accompanied by anyone around it…
Sumika thought.
(…What a lonely person.)
And then, what a sad person, she thought.
For him, there was no one equal to him.
Whether enemy or ally, there was not a single one that could rival his strength.
Standing alone bearing the term of the strongest—the Ultimate One.
For Homura, everyone other than him was equally a weak person.
And then, because of that he tried to protect everyone.
No matter how much he received absurdly unreasonable treatment, he tolerated everything because they were weak and so it couldn’t be helped.
(Aah, so this is what that means.)
In that moment, Sumika understood the meaning of the words that Shiori said to her this afternoon.
{I love him you know.}
{Though I hate him almost as much.}
{Well, sooner or later you too will understand. If you are beside that man, you will understand even if you don’t want.}
She couldn’t understand what Shiori meant at that time, but right now she could understand clearly.
(This is not just aspiration. As I thought… I love Homura-san.)
And then—for that reason, she couldn’t forgive him. She was so angry to an absurd degree.
To accept being feared like it was only natural, accepting it like it couldn’t be helped.

Carrying out great exploits that should be extolled while not wanting for any praise at all, he sacrificed himself to protect the weak.
Such thing… that way of life of him that only got burdened with loss.
She liked him yet hated him.
It was because she loved him that she loathed him.
In the end, that was surely the meaning of the words that Shiori said.
Then,
(Then… I'll――)

Epilogue

Part 1

The next day after the extermination of Jambure.
In the dormitory of New Tokyo Sorcery Academy, Kamishiro Homura awakened while being enveloped in a pleasant warmth.
“Nn…”
During his slumber, he felt a foreign warmth and sweet aroma enveloping him inside the futon.
When his hand groped around wondering what it was,
(Soft… what’s this?)
It was soft, he was touching some protrusion that clung to the skin.
His fingers were sucked into a sensation that felt like a marshmallow.
But on the other hand, he felt something that felt a little hard, like a pebble, in the middle of his palm—
“Aa, nn”
“Haa!?!?”
Suddenly, a gasping voice that tickled his earlobe made Homura jump out from the bed.
And then he dropped his gaze to his side.
There—truthfully was the worst thing—just as he feared, was a small statured girl wholly naked sleeping.
“Wh, wh-wh-wh-what’s going on!?”
Yesterday he was tired after using his power since so long, so he should have went to sleep quickly. Yet.
Just when in the world did he bring this girl inside the room?
Furthermore, no matter how he tried to look at it in a positive light, the girl was a loli girl that was just barely around middle school.
He had no memory of it at all.

Homura was in confusion exactly because he had no memory of it and didn't understand at all just what he had done.
"—Wait, now that I look carefully ain't it just Vel!"
After a while, he noticed the true identity of that girl.
Her hair that usually was always braided was let loose so he was late in noticing for a moment, but the girl who raised a sleeper's breathing beside Homura was his grimoire <Liber Legis>.
"Oy, wake up Vel."
"Muu… fuaau"
When he shook her exposed slender shoulder, Vel's small mouth yawned like a baby while her eyes opened.
"Good morning to you. Master."
"It ain't good morning. What are you doing since the morning intentionally turning into human form?"
Vel gave the morning greeting with a bob of head while her expression was still dazed as if she was watching a dream somewhere.
Homura asked back in astonishment towards her that was like that.
Most of the time she usually kept being in her book form and laid down on top of the desk, but for her to take human form and of all things being totally naked inside his bed, Homura wanted to know the reason.
Thereupon, Vel answered like this.
"I thought that Master is lonely."
"Me?"
"Master, it's because you are being avoided by everyone again because of the matter yesterday."
What Vel meant by the matter yesterday was about the battle with Jambure.
Reinforcement troops was also dispatched at that battle, so it seemed that it could also be watched from the monitor in the academy.
And then, because of that the students here saw all that from here even though not directly.
The appearance of the evil god that Homura summoned.
As the result, the fear of the academy towards Homura that had finally calmed down came back.
The instant they saw Homura returned back yesterday, it resulted in the students running away like baby spiders scattering apart.
However—Homura wasn't really bothered by things like that that much.
"I'm not really bothered by that. It's only an everyday thing for me."
"Acting brave?"
"Don't talk as if I'm a lonely person. …I plan to disappear from Japan anyway after one year. It's gonna be easier if I get hated rather than get liked."
"Really?"
"Yeah. Wait, you materialize just for that kind of thing?"
Being asked that, Vel shook her head left and right while her long blond hair was fluttering behind her from the movement.

“…No. It’s because today I have something that I have to say to Master no matter what. But yesterday Master looked tired so I held back.”
(Then there really is no need to sneak into the bed in nude ain’t it?)
Even though he was thinking doubtfully, but Homura wasn’t so interested that he would dare to press further, so he urged Vel to move to the main topic.
“Then finish the important matter quickly, after that disappear or wear your clothes. I’m troubled where to look.”
Homura threw the bed sheet to Vel while saying that.
Vel accepted the sheet and wrapped it on her body, then she began to talk.
“Just now Master said that Master will be gone from here after a year. But even after a year passed I’ll be together with Master forever. Different with other girls. Because I’m Master’s sword and shield.”
“Yeah, that’s right.”
“Then—don’t do something like that again.”
Instantly, in Vel’s expressionless face that was like a well-made antique doll, beautiful yet one that couldn’t be felt any emotion from it, there was a slight but certain harshness in it.
What she meant by something like that, was about how in the fight with Jambure, Homura received the attack of Jambure not by the hand that was holding herself but by his left hand.
Such thing made her feel really displeased.
That was why today she materialized to express her honest opinion.
“If Master used me as a shield, Master wouldn’t be injured. But Master intentionally didn’t use me. I want Master to stop doing that. I want Master not to fight alone.”
“Even if you say that, but it couldn’t be helped right? The other side was likely <Demon King class>. Even if you are the <Faceless God>, the burden is just too heavy for you that is nothing more than that guy’s avatar. If you carelessly get hit by that, you might die.”
“It’s fine to not worry about such a thing. It’s fine even if I die to protect Master. Because that’s the role that I was given from [me]. That’s my dearest wish.”
That was why she wanted Homura to stop protecting she who was a weapon.
Surely for her it felt like her existence was denied.
That was why Vel was going to say that again repeatedly but,
“That ain’t my wish at all.”
Homura turned her down.
“I’m not a [human] that Master wish to protect.”
“Even so I’m not gonna do anything like that.”
Homura didn’t yield even for a bit.
Certainly Vel was not a human, but even so she was his comrade that had fought together with him since his time in <Book Burning Corps>.

He had no intention to fight in the way that would sacrifice her. Whether it was in the past until now, or even in the future from now on.
“Well, what I’m saying is just give up, just think that you have a troublesome master.”
Against Homura that didn’t seem like his intention would waver at all, Vel puffed up her cheeks to bulge in dissatisfaction.
“Master is too kind. Master should split that kindness a bit for yourself.”
“I’ll do that if I felt like it.”
At that time—

- Knock knock*

From the entrance of the dormitory room there was a knocking sound.
(A guest this early in the morning?)
“Yeah yeah. Wait a sec’.”
Homura returned a reply even while thinking who could it be, then he quickly changed his clothes into his <Magi’s Jacket> in <Standby Mode>.
And then he opened the door.
The one who was there was—Hoshikawa Sumika whose expression looked like she was determined of something.

Part 2

“How rare. For you to be the one that comes to get involved with me.”
While saying that Homura received the guest at the front door.
“Yes. Because I have something that I want to talk with Homura-san no matter what. Do you have time?”
The expression of the asking Sumika was as expected, it looked like the expression of someone who had prepared herself for the worst.
“……”
Looking at that expression, Homura somehow guessed what she was going to say.
That was because Homura had noticed, what the feeling was that Sumika directed at him at that time when they had a class in the courtyard.
(Should I send her away with some suitable reason?)
Homura thought that for a moment, but he gave up from doing that thinking that it seemed too much.
For Homura, he didn’t really want to accept a relationship in this place where he someday would leave behind.
But for Sumika it was a circumstance unrelated with her.
(…It’s also too much to not even listen at all to her story huh.)
“Yeah, that’s fine. What do you want to talk?”
Honestly, he couldn’t return Sumika’s feeling, but it was also bad to just leave her hanging.
That was why Homura thought that he was going to clearly say here that he didn’t have any intention to get a girlfriend, he urged Sumika to start talking.
Thereupon Sumika’s cheeks were faintly colored red, she took a deep breath once in order to calm herself.
After that,
“Homura-san. …I…-“
Turning her heart into words, she expressed it at Homura.
“I, hate Homura-san!”
“Is that so? My bad, but I’m—wait what!? That’s what you said!?”
As expected, Homura never expected this kind of development in his wildest dreams, so he was slightly confused.
“Just wait a second. Eh? You are coming this early in morning to declare breaking off relations?”

“Tha, that’s not it! Please listen to my story until the end!”
On the other hand, Sumika continued her words in panicked condition because she was still in the middle of talking.
“I… have idolized Homura-san all this time. I want to become like Homura-san, I had worked hard all this time thinking like that all along. But yesterday, looking at Homura-san that I idolized from nearby, hearing the way you thought, I became really sad. Thinking of not a single one as your equal, you accept being feared as only natural, hearing the way of life of Homura-san that is like that”
Listening to those words, Homura thought ‘This again’.
He just heard the same thing being pointed out to him from his own sword just now.
“…In short you too came here to preach at me to not fight alone, is that it?”
But—
“No. That’s not it.”
That expectation was also a miss.
Sumika didn’t come here to preach about something like that.
The girl said.
“The current us have no power at all. Honestly, Homura-san fighting by yourself is far easier correct? That’s why I don’t have the qualification to say something that selfish. …Even if I say that Homura-san won’t stop anyway. I don’t think that the way of life that was decided by someone at Homura-san’s level, can be changed by someone at my level. That’s why—this is what I thought of.”
If that was how it is,
“It’s fine if I just reach Homura-san’s side.”
“-!?”
She didn’t tell Homura to get down until the same level like them, she was going to climb up until the place where Homura was.
That was Sumika’s answer regarding her own feeling that [hated him because she loved him].
Because if she did that, Homura wouldn’t be alone anymore. Is what she thought.
Hearing those words of Sumika, Homura lost his words from too much shock.
It was only natural. It was the norm for him to be feared. Occasionally there were also some people that didn’t fear him like Onjouji, but—a human that said things like they were going to ascend until the same level as him, there was not a single one until now.
Everyone who had witnessed their difference in power with Homura where it felt so ridiculous to even feel jealous about it, gave up aiming to close that difference.
But—
“One year. In this one year I will show that I will become stronger than Homura-san without fail. In one year I will challenge you to a duel, and I’ll

win! That's why—at that time I won't be a lower existence that you have to protect, please recognize me as your equal comrade that stands at the same ground! I came here today for that request."
Sumika said that absurd determination of hers.
"Will you accept my challenge?"
Sumka stared straightforwardly at Homura's eyes—with a strong challenging gaze.
(……haha-)
Against that strongly determined expression, Homura recalled a nostalgic memory.
That was—the memory of Homura's first meeting with this girl.
"Really, your energy hasn't change at all with five years ago huh."
"Yo, you, remembered that?"
"My memory is pretty good after all. Can't really forget about someone that I have met once."
That time too, this girl tried to challenge something really recklessly too.
And now too, she was the same.
She didn't choose to give no matter what kind of hardship she faced, always choosing to [advance] continuously.
He guessed that perhaps that was the true nature of this girl called Hoshikawa Sumika.
(Well… even so it's useless I think.)
"That's fine. If you think you can do it then just try it."
He didn't really have any reason to refuse.
That was why Homura answered so, he accepted the girl's challenge with a bold smile.
Thereupon Sumika also,
"Please don't look down at me. I'm already different with that time who was just all talk. I will for sure, break that nasty nose of yours in the future-"
As if competing with him, Sumika undauntedly smiled fearlessly.
Looking at that expression, Homura thought.
(…As I thought, she is a good woman.)
Since that day he first met her, Homura had never forgot Sumika for even once.
The true battle that happened behind <Walpurgis Night> Kinugasa had mentioned before.
The verge of death of the <Book Burning Corps> that was literally burned from the annuls of history where they bet their life.
For Homura who had lost everything, whether it was his beloved person, or the comrades that he wanted to protect, it was a salvation for him to meet this straightforward girl with a strong heart.
He could protect the world where this kind of girl existed.
That joy and pride were everything that supported Homura at that time.

For that reason, he was really happy that this girl even now was still unchangingly possessing a proud heart, unintentionally Homura was staring fixedly at Sumika—
“If your business is finished already, please return my Master.”
He didn’t notice the footstep of Vel that approached him from behind.
Vel circled her hand on Homura’s waist and hugged Homura strongly.
“Wha, yo, you-! Why did you come out!? And you are still not wearing clothes!?”
“…For some reason.”
“What reason!?”
(——No, rather than that, this situation is)
‘How bad is it?’ Thinking that, timidly, Homura took a peek at Sumika’s expression.
There, sure enough, there was the obvious reaction,
Sumika’s eyes were wide open from the extreme shock, her cheeks were bright red and she was trembling all over.
And then the next moment, *KI-!* she glared sharply at Homura.
“Ho, Ho-ho-ho, Homura, san! Thi, thi-thi, thi-thi-thi-this is, just what in the world is the meaning of this!? Just why did a naked girl come out from Homura-san’s room-! Please give an acceptable explanation!”
She drew near with an extremely threatening look.
“Ca, calm down Hoshikawa. This girl is just my grimoire that transformed like this, it’s not like I brought in a woman into my place. Right, Vel!?”
“Yes. There is no mistake that I’m the personification of <Liber Legis>.”
“See? That’s why I didn’t really do anything guilty.”
“Yes. I just used my body to console my lonely Master, that’s all.”
“Right right. That’s why it’s not—hey, wait right there!?”
‘Just now the choice of the word was lethally dangerous there’, just when Homura thought so it was already too late.
“Th, th-th-th-that’s filthyyyy!!!!”
Sumika screamed and took her distance from Homura in great hurry.
“U, u-unbelievable! To use sorcery for such an impure matter! Furthermore with this kind of small girl…! I misjudged youuu!!!!”
“Wait wait! Listen to what I’ve got to say!”

“I don’t care! This is all for today! Sayonara-!!”

And then without even giving him time for an excuse, Sumika ran away like a startled hare.
He wanted to chase her, but as expected he didn't have the courage to run around in the dormitory while being embraced by a naked girl.
Rather—
"…Vel, you bastard, you did that intentionally right?"
He couldn't think of her word choice as any other than intentional, so he questioned Vel.
But, the girl confirmed it without any guilt.
"That's because before this, Master said that you want to be hated."
"Yeah I said that! But just spare me from being hated in this kind of direction-!"
"Besides Master has me, so you don't need any other woman."
"Unexpectedly it's because of deep jealousy huh, this damn porn book…"
Really what a morning. Homura who released an amazed sigh like that closed the entrance door.
In the middle of closing the door, he suddenly stared at the direction where Sumika escaped—he thought.
A future that until now he had never imagined even once.
A day where he was together with an existence that could stand side-by-side with him.
—Such future, seemed really fun,
(Aah, not bad)
A smile formed spontaneously.
Then let's wait for it without expecting too much.
Whether that girl can really climb until his side or not.
With himself staying as a person that girl said that she hated, just like until now—

Afterword

This is the author Misora Riku. Nice to meet you those who met me for the first time.
For those who have read my work since before this, I’m indebted to you all.
Thank you very much for following [Ultimate Antihero].
Do you enjoy reading this?

ありがとうございました！
Vardack
2014

Presently this work is published by GA Bunko-san, it's not a depiction of [the strength of climbing up] like in [Rakudai Kishi no Cavalry], but a theme of [the strength of ruling at the top].
It's a type of main character that even I had never depicted before, so I had some difficulty, but somehow I could enjoy writing this.
If all the honored readers also receive this in enjoyment then I'm happy.
And then one more theme… that is my obsession with the evil gods of Cthulhu mythos.
The truth is recently (I said that but it has been more than one year) I completely got into the charm of Cthulhu mythos. Evil god, that's cool. Like the setting or the alias or the what kind of power they use, it blow away a lot of time just researching those things. (How should I put it, just what is this <Seething Core of Chaos>! The naming sense is just too cool right!)
So, while looking at various things like that, I thought, I want to write a main character that wield the power of evil god for sure, this is why I was made to write this work in Kodansha-san's side. [13]
In this work the evil gods are mainly used only as the essence of the depiction of Homura's power, but if your curiosity is attracted by the snapshot of the evil god's power depicted in this work, then by all means investigate it on the internet or something, it will be my happiness if you are caught in this swamp.
This is for the last, the one who is in charge of the creation of this book with all his effort Shouji-san, then G-Fuji-san that Shouji-san introduced me, and Nardack-san that give this work lovely illustration regardless of his difficult schedule.
And then most of all, all the honored readers that read this work.
Thank you very much.
If it pleases you, may we meet again in the second volume.

(I want to put out Y'golonac next—)

References

1. Jump up ↑ This guy's name is written with the kanji of king great dragon.
2. Jump up ↑ This girl Sumika is always talking in polite language. Even against this demon.
3. Jump up ↑ Otou-san = father
4. Jump up ↑ Niou no Mie: Display of Two guardian Deva Kings'
5. Jump up ↑ -cchi, is something like a suffix for calling your fellow friend.
6. Jump up ↑ Chewing sounds.
7. Jump up ↑ When Chikori calls Homura master, it was as her teacher or instructor. Here, Vel called Homura master as her owner.
8. Jump up ↑ The kanji for demon world can also mean hell. Though the place meant here is not literally hell where people go after death, so I guess demon world fits better.
9. Jump up ↑ Dust Destruction
10. Jump up ↑ Clapping sound effect, though this one is said literally from the mouth
11. Jump up ↑ I think it talked about Mt. Fuji here.
12. Jump up ↑ The person here refers to the evil god. Don't know why, but the evil god in the raw is often referred to with the word 'person' rather than 'god'.
13. Jump up ↑ Kodansha is a publisher name.